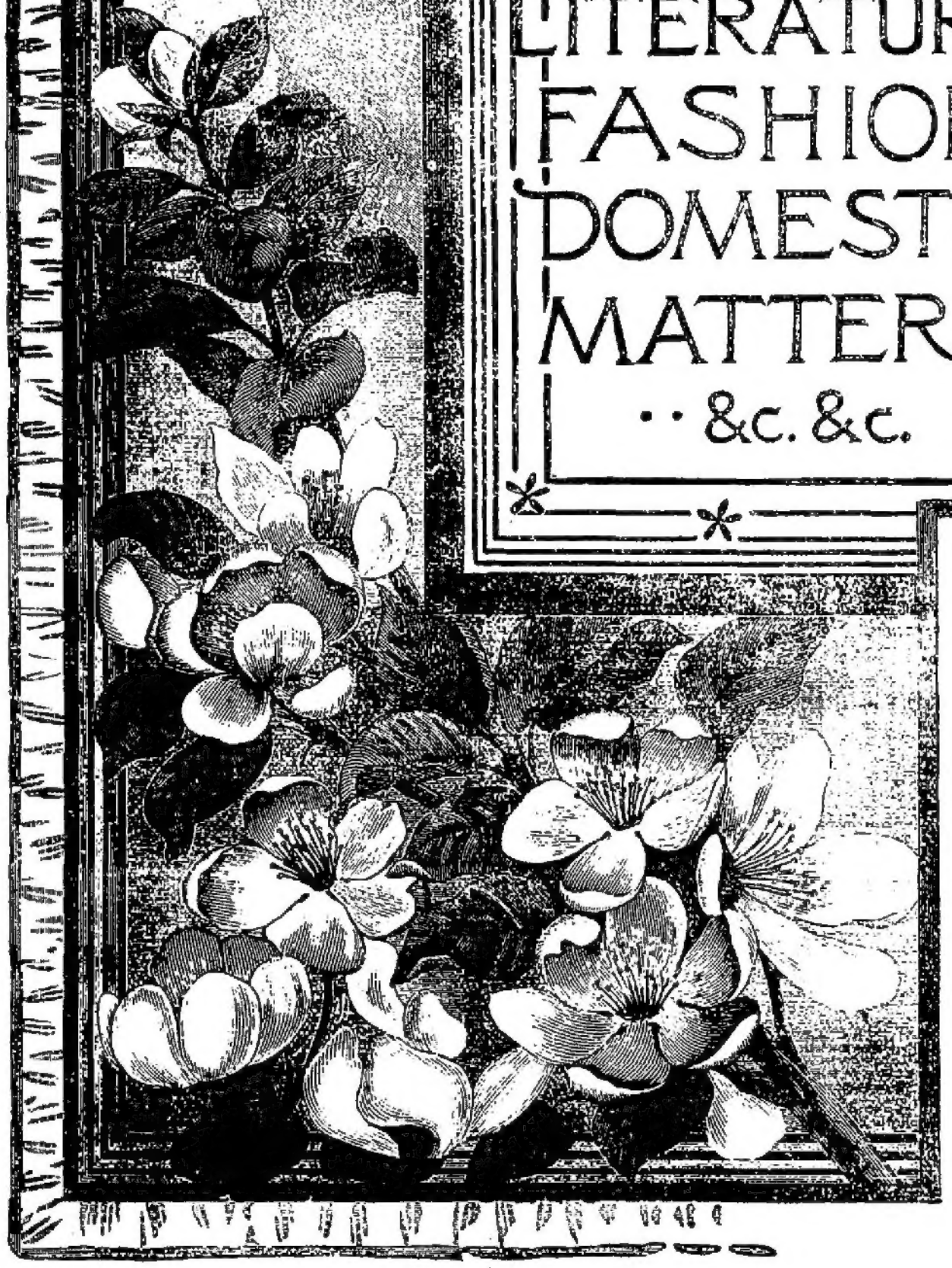
LADIES' JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, DOMESTIC MATTERS, &c. &c.



JUNE, 1891.

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XI. No. 6 - NEW SERIES. TORONTO, JUNE. 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

FIG. 30.—No. 5028.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3¼ yards; 32 inches, 3⅜ yards; 34 inches, 3⅝ yards; 36 inches, 3¾ yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1⅞ yards; 32, 34 inches, 1¾ yards; 36, 38 inches, 2 yards; 40 inches, 2⅛ yards; 42 inches, 2¼ yards.

This design is adapted for India silk, grenadine, challie, or gingham.

For the medium size, 1 yard of lace and 3 yards of ribbon velvet will be required.

NO. 5027.—LADIES' BELL SKIRT, PERFECT WITHOUT THE PANNIERS. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22, 24, 26 inches, 8 yards; 28 inches, 9¼ yards; 30 inches, 9¾ yards; 32 inches, 10¼ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22, 24, 26 inches, 4 yards; 28 inches, 4⅝ yards; 30 inches, 4⅞ yards; 32 inches, 5⅛ yards.

This design is suitable for cheviot, silk, or cloth.

For the medium size, 4⅜ yards of wide lace, 4¾ yards of narrow lace and 3 yards of jet will be required.

FIG. 31.—No. 5034.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 7 yards, 32, 34 inches, 7¼ yards; 36, 38 inches, 7½ yards; 40 inches, 7¾ yards; 42 inches, 8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 3½ yards; 34, 36 inches, 3⅝ yards; 38 inches, 3¾ yards; 40 inches, 3⅞ yards; 42 inches, 4 yards.

This design is suitable for lace, crepe, grenadine, challie, or crepon.

If made of materials illustrated 2¾ yards of 42-inch lace, 2⅝ yards of 13-inch lace, flouncing, 2½ yards of 24-inch lining silk will be required for the medium size.

NO. 4916.—LADIES' WALKING SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22 inches, 8 yards; 24 inches, 8¼ yards; 26 inches, 8½ yards; 28 inches, 8¾ yards; 30, 32 inches, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22 inches, 4 yards; 24 inches, 4⅛ yards; 26 inches, 4¼ yards; 28 inches, 4⅜ yards; 30, 32 inches, 4½ yards.

If made on the bias as illustrated, 5 yards of 42-inch material will be required for the medium size.

For the medium size, 3½ yards of gimp will be required.

Few people enjoy real liberty; we are all slaves to ideas or habits.

FIG. 33.—No. 5041.—LADIES' HOUSE WAIST. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34 inches, 3⅛ yards; 36 inches, 3⅛ yards; 38, 40 inches, 3½ yards; 42 inches, 3⅞ yards.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 2¾ yards; 38 inches, 2⅞ yards; 40 inches, 2⅞ yards; 42 inches, 2¾ yards.

No. 4946.—LADIES WALKING SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

For Quantities, see Fig. 31.

FIG. 32.—No. 5014.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of crepe (27 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 4 yards; 34, 36 inches, 4⅛ yards; 38 inches, 4¼ yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards; 42 inches 4⅝ yards; 44 inches, 4¾ yards.

Quantity of Woolen Goods (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inches, 5¼ yards; 42 inches, 5⅜ yards; 44 inches, 5½ yards.

This design is as suitable for any woolen material with silk or velvet accessories as for Henrietta and crepe.

For the medium size, 1¼ yards of 21-inch silk will be required for lining hip portions, revers, and collar.

FIG. 30. This singularly elegant and entirely novel costume shows two patterns. The lady's basque, Pattern 5028, price 25 cents, gives a round collar, with turned-over fronts above a vest-effect in soft folds, on each side of which is a deep revers of rich lace. A high corselet, pointed up and down, adds to the style of this handsome model. The sleeves are very high, and tight on the forearm. The fabric seen in pattern is decorated with lilies-of-the-valley, which is one of the designs seen in the new batistes. Summer silk and foulard, lawn, gingham, or nainsook, with suitable trimming can be used for this shape, or a woolen material if preferred. The lady's belt-skirt, seen in the second pattern, 5027, price 30 cents, is severely plain on the front and sides, and pleated at the back. The hem, in the picture, shows a novel and pretty effect in the use of a dotted fabric, is seen in the corselet also. This hem is very deep. The skirt trans slightly at back, as is now the fashion. Foulard, summer silk, lawn, gingham, and light woolens may all be used for this very elegant and entirely novel skirt, which has everything to recommend it in finish, and in comfort in the wearing.

FIG. 31.—In this elegant and novel costume there are two patterns. The lady's basque is made from Pattern 5031, price 25 cents, and shows the novel effect of shirrs and frilling, this last turned toward the throat, both front and back, above long pleats of the fabric, which continue to the line of a pointed front and back at which the waist terminates, and, as seen in the picture, with a belt of passementerie above a very deep waist-flounce of lace. The sleeves are high, the puff being laid in pleats below the high effect, and held down on the centre of the upper arm. This effect is very novel. Below it the sleeve is tighter, and has a band at wrist above a very deep frill. Material, black or white lace. The second Pattern, 4946, price 30 cents, shows a walking-skirt, of which the front is plain and clinging, and the back in deep, regular pleats. The hem, as seen in picture, has a very deep flounce of the same piece-lace, decorated with the design now so fashionable and called "love-knots," and this fabric is worked in scallops on the lower edge. The garniture of ribbon is also shaped into love-knots, and set on the top of the flounce. This model, shown in lace, which may be either white, ecru, or black, is equally fashionable in batiste and summer silk, and is one of the latest that has appeared.

FIG. 32.— This novel and elegant costume shows two patterns, the lady's coat-basque, Pattern 5014, price 35 cents, has a close collar, a buttoning on centre between folds of the crepe, shown in figure as trimming, and of which the long side-piece, as well as the sleeves, are also formed. The sleeves are high, and tight below the puffing. The front of the waist is pointed, which adds to the elegance of this very desirable model. Material, silk or cloth. The walking-skirt here shown is from Pattern 5014, price 35 cents, and is of the bell shape, plain on front and sides, and pleated at back. The hem, as seen in picture is adorned with a very deep garniture of crepe, which is very effective on black silk, cashmere, or camel's-hair, as also on fine serge. This skirt is one of the very latest issued.

FIG. 33.—This simple but elegant model shows two patterns. The lady's house-waist, made from Pattern 5041, displays a turned-down and somewhat close collar, high sleeves of the pagoda shape, a central fold with buttons, on each side of which the fronts are gathered above a broad thong-belt, and form a ruffle below. The cuffs are broad. This waist, while comfortable in linen and cotton materials, is much worn this season in surah, especially gray and black, and in wash-silk. It is also seen in flannel, flannelette, striped gingham, and sateen, as well as in nainsook and lawn. Every lady provides herself with one or more such waists as soon as the warm weather sets in, as they are much more comfortable and cool than a lined waist or even jersey. Muslin is used for such waists by some ladies. In Pattern 4946, price 40 cents, of this example, a very desirable model of a recently issued walking-skirt is to be found, having a perfectly plain and clinging front, as well as close sides, and being pleated at the back. The deep hem shows a slight garniture of braid in picture. The use of cheviots, plaids, checks of all kinds, summer silks, gingham, muslin, lawn, linen, sateen, and flannel is general in this style of skirt, which is one of the prominent favorites among those which have lately appeared.

FIG 54.—This pretty costume shows two patterns. Pattern 5040 is that of a miss's house-waist, price 20 cents, and shows a turned-down collar with tie, high sleeves of the pagoda shape, and with a deep cuff, into which the lower portion is gathered. The fronts are in loose folds, which are belted at waist and form a ruffle below. This model is recent, and may be made in any cotton fabric, as well as in foulard, China or India silk, and flannel, or flannelette. The English skirt, seen in the same figure, is made from Pattern 4017, price 20 cents, and is one of the most recent of those issued this season. It has Arab folds on the front, and is plain on the sides. The hem is ornamented with braid. The back is pleated. Either woollen or silk is adopted to this elegant and effective model.

FIG. 55.—This charming costume shows two patterns, a guimpe made from Pattern 5000, price 15 cents, and which is shirred, and has a ruffle at the top. This is a very new model for a child's guimpe. Material, muslin. The second model is from Pattern 5035, price 20 cents, of a little girl's dress, of which the waist is short, the skirt gathered all round, and reaching the top of the shoe, like the Kate Greenaway dresses, which are as much worn as ever by little children. The sleeves are a gathered puff,

FIG. 54.—No. 5040.—MISSES' HOUSE WAIST. PRICE 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for 10 years, 3 yards; 11, 12, 13 years, 3½ yards; 14 years, 3¾ yards; 15 years, 3¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for 10, 11, 12, 13 years, 2 yards; 14 years, 2¼ yards; 15 years, 2½ yards.

This design is suitable for wash silk, flannel, cambric, flannelette, or cashmere.

FIG. 55.—No. 5000.—GIRLS' SHIRRED GUIMPE. PRICE 15 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 3 years, 1½ yards; 4 years, 1⅝ yards; 5 years, 1¾ yards; 6 years, 1⅞ yards; 7, 8 years, 2 yards; 9, 10 years, 2¼ yards.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for 3, 4 years, ⅞ of a yard; 5, 6, 7, 8 years, 1 yard; 9, 10 years, 1⅛ yards.

This design is suitable for India or China silk, surah, wash silk or lawn.

For the medium size, 1 yard of lining will be required.

No. 4617.—MISSES' ENGLISH SKIRT. PRICE 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Straight Material (42 inches wide) for 10, 11 years, 2⅝ yards; 12 years, 2⅞ yards; 13 years, 2⅝ yards; 14 years, 2⅞ yards; 15 years, 3 yards.

Quantity of Bias Material (42 inches wide) for 10 years, 2¼ yards; 11 years, 3⅛ yards; 12 years, 3½ yards; 13 years, 3¾ years; 14 years, 3⅞ yards; 15 years, 4 yards.

Trimming for the medium size, 2½ yards.

cut square on the lower part, and notching an additional and longer sleeve with a band into which it is gathered, being shown in picture. Braid trimming. Cloth, delaine, cashmere, veiling, foulard, India or China silk, sateen, lawn, nainsook and gingham are all suited to this pretty model.

Sound Advice for Woman.

This whole matter of how a woman should dress, what she should and should not wear, resolves itself entirely into a question of common sense. Many a woman on a shopping expedition thinks it necessary to take a companion for advice in her selection. My dear woman, use the mind and brain which God, in His infinite wisdom, gave you, and exercise it in your dress as in all other things in this life. Take a friend with you when you go shopping if you will, for companionship, but don't either ask or expect her to help you. No two tastes are alike, especially in dress, and what may seem "just a love bonnet" to your companion, may become you just about as much as a silk flag becomes a dredging-scow. Do your own buying, and make your own selection. If you are in doubt, give yourself the benefit of the doubt, and leave the article unbought rather than that you should parade the streets unbecomingly attired. Rather err on the side of simplicity. You can better afford to have it said of you "How severely simple she dresses," than that people passing you in the street should look back and marvel at a costume which outrages all the laws of good taste. Buy those colors most becoming to you. Do not go beyond your means, but have the best you can afford with a little margin on the safe side. Dress as well as you can, but sensibly, and always remember that, after all, a woman is judged more by her own worth than by the clothes she wears.

Bonbons of Courtship.

It is a popular fiction that a girl can marry a man without, as the saying is, marrying his family. It is not true. Sometimes a grape does spring from a thorn, and a pure, temperate son descends from a vile, sinful father. His mother's blood, perhaps, has saved him. Still in marrying this man you marry the soiled family record, and must, to some extent, share in the suffering caused by his father's sins. Heredity we may or may not believe in, but we have all seen characteristics pass one generation by, to appear in greater strength in the second. You run the risk then, even if your husband is all that he should be, of being an unhappy, anxious mother. I am not speaking in favor of the selfish, mercenary marriage, but I am advocating the intelligent counting of the cost before the contract is signed. Parents who would be shocked at their daughter's choosing, as an intimate friend, a girl of whose antecedents they knew nothing, do not always refuse to allow that same daughter to marry a man whose family they met for the first time at the wedding.

It is one thing to entertain an immaculately attired caller who brings bonbons in one hand and roses in the other, and quite another to see him off-guard with his brothers and sisters in his environment, not the one your parents' culture and success have given you. He does not seem like a stranger in your home, and yet you might never be anything but an alien in his.

Blinded as they are to their own character by self love, every man is his own first and chiefest flatterer.

Literary Notes.

Scribner's Magazine for June continues the notable series on "The Great Streets of the World," and "Ocean Steamships:" Francisque Sarcey being the author of the article on "The Boulevards of Paris" and William H. Rideing contributing the paper on "Safety on the Atlantic." The illustrations in both groups continue to be very rich, and appropriately supplement the text, adding to its significance and picturesqueness. Another group of articles—that on Practical Charity is represented in this issue by a sympathetic and often amusing account of "Boys' Clubs." The author, Evert Jansen Wendell, has for a number of years taken very active part in the work of these most charitable associations, and writes from the fullest knowledge and great personal interest in the clubs. Amateur photographers will find much to interest them in the article on "Some Photographs of Luminous Objects," with many illustrations reproduced directly from the negatives by mechanical processes. The fiction includes stories and sketches by F. J. Stimson, Bliss Perry, and Maria Blunt. There is also an essay on Moliere by Andrew Lang.

The June number of *The North American Review* is the 415th issue of that standard periodical, and brings to a close the 152d volume, of which a careful index is included in this number. A glance at the index discloses among the notable contributors during the first half of the year the names of Emilio Castelar, Joseph Chamberlain, Henry Clews, Sir Charles Dilke, Sidney Dillon, Richard T. Ely, Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. William A. Hammond, M. W. Hazeltine, Lecky, the historian; the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, the Marquis of Lorne, Justin McCarthy, the Count of Paris, ex-Minister Phelps, Bishop Potter, ex-Speaker Reed, Secretary Rusk, H. A. Taine, Sir Charles Tupper, Erastus Wiman, and Walt Whitman. A notable array truly, and one which is lengthened by the names of the distinguished contributors to the present number.

The fourth volume of *The Arena* opens with that vim and vigor which has characterized this brilliant review from its inception. It has frequently been observed that *The Arena* has steadily improved since its first appearance, and the June issue is no exception in this respect. The contributions are able and timely, and their authors embrace many of the best thinkers of the day. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, writes on "The Unknown." Julian Hawthorne contributes an admirable paper on "The New Columbus." Julius Chambers, the editor of the New York *World*, writes on the "Chivalry of the Press," a paper which will prove exceptionally interesting to newspaper men.

With the May number, which is now ready, *Romance* begins its second volume. Already it has won a place for itself in the affections, of the story reading public. The sixty complete stories in the first volume of Romance have all of them been interesting, some of them intensely exciting, and none of them in any way offensive even by suggestion. The New York Story Club, to which credit is due for these excellent selections has done its work with a painstaking thoroughness; and it has shown, too, a correct taste, and a keen appreciation of the needs of the story reading world.

A Homely Recipe.

A wax finish for furniture woods can be made by mixing about three ounces of washed tallow and three and one-fourth pounds of wax with one pound of turpentine, constantly stirring while boiling and until cold. The paste is rubbed in, the superfluous wax removed with a wooden scraper, and then gone over with soft woolen cloths until it shines. Some workmen prefer to let the wax dissolve in the turpentine cold, as they fancy the heat diminishes the polishing effect. If a coat of French polish be afterward applied it deepens the gloss.

Walls and Papering.

Wash a wall that has been whitewashed, with vinegar and saleratus-water to make paper stick to it.

Papered walls may be cleaned with stale bread; cut a loaf in half and rub the wall down with the crumb side until dirty, and then take a fresh piece.

John Crerar's will, leaving large sums of money to charities and religious institutions, is being disputed in the Chicago Circuit Court by residents of Ontario and Manitoba, who claim to be cousins of the deceased.

The Excelsior Life Insurance Company, of Toronto, of which our esteemed Mayor is the President, shows an extraordinary record of new business. Its attractive features and liberal contracts, with the moving spirit behind the advertisement in our columns, is the best possible argument for its future success, and should be an incentive to every agent to do his share to attain that result.

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

JUNE, 1891.

Printed and Published by S. FRANKWILSON, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, at $1.00 per year, or 50c for six months.

OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order

REVIEW OF FASHION.

In our last review of fashions, and the various articles of the last issue, the lengthening of skirts, the exaggeration of the top of the sleeves, the great use of the coat and of ruffles of lace and muslin on light fabrics, for the purpose of extending the side-pieces even more than they already are, and also of a long waist, on which is an exceedingly full gathering of the skirt all round, so as to make it sit out in a way which causes the waist to appear slender, were all noted, and there is, in regard to these notable and important features of fashion, no change as yet, the waist-flounce or ruffle being prominent just now.

THE USE OF COAT-SHAPES.

The use of coat-shapes has become, as we predicted, general.

It now includes the house-dress, such as its vogue, and is displayed in the gowns of surah, India and China silk, satin, and various other materials.

Such gowns show the coat-bodice pleated, and with a skirt of light fabric in contrasting or harmonizing tint: they are trimmed with lace suitable to the season in its light and airy effect.

The skirts show flounces of lace. The bodice is made over a close-fitting lining, and may be gathered on the shoulders, and show pleating at the belt-line, below which it may extend at a depth of from six to twelve inches. The open space in a round or V-shape is much liked for summer dresses, and many show a point at the back, disengaging the throat entirely.

There are pleats on the shoulders and at the waist-line, which are added in some light material, like net, lace, or chiffon muslin, and extend over the middle of the back-forms.

NOVEL SKIRTS.

The newest skirt has a wide front breadth, which shows a decided slope on the sides, and as a wide fold down the middle, and is trimmed at the sides and at the foot. Each side is gored, the back being so full as to require a breadth and a half of the fabric used.

The skirt known as the bell-shape, and which has a great deal of the fullness at the top taken into the bias-seam at the back, is much worn just now. For a very thin fabric these skirts require to be lined throughout with sheer silk, or some very light material. A separate skirt is sometimes used as a lining would be, and can be made of the material called grenadine lining.

The demi-train is made use of in stylish evening dresses, and all the most elaborate dresses show the skirt as long at the back as it can conveniently be made without becoming absolutely a trained effect.

NOVEL GOWNS.

The most novel gowns have puffed sleeves, with the puff merging into pleats, which take in the elbow and a space below it, and have cuffs of extraordinary depth, or are without any, according to the use of the gown for day or evening.

Even in evening dresses some show a great use of lace or passementerie running far down over the hand, although it would seem that the additional warmth of this garniture would condemn it for warm weather. Tulle is substituted as desirable on some dresses, and is certainly cooler than so much lace as fashion now demands. Muslin ruffles, *a la Louis Quinze*, are copiously displayed on many thin dresses.

TENNIS AND OUTING SUITS.

Tennis and outing suits are made of flannel and flannelette, and some young ladies are having them made quite short, and are wearing knickerbockers with them, to accustom themselves to the use of this convenient style for exercise in this country. The skirt clears the ankle. The waist is belted and pleated, the length being extended further down than in the examples of last year, and coming quite ten or twelve inches below the belt.

Nothing can exceed the severity of style of some of the skirts, clinging as they do to the figure. A coulisse and a steel are used. The last mode shows a notching of the skirt over the material used as lining. This notched effect is seen in some of the tennis suits, as it gives a pretty finish to an otherwise plain effect.

JUNE WEDDING-GOWNS.

As some brides prefer June to all other months for their wedding, we must needs give a few hints as to the latest styles of June bridal-gowns; and, indeed, the subject is an attractive one, even as the dresses are charming.

The beautiful example which we select shows white satin in a princesse shape, parted on the front to display a petticoat of Venetian point. The sleeves are of tulle, embroidered with seed-pearls in a flower-pattern, and are exceedingly high on the shoulder and tight on the forearm. The top of the waist has a Medici collar in Venetian point, and folds of tulle between. Around the neck, the waist and wrists are garlands of orange-blossoms, as also at the foot of the lace petticoat. The entire gown, with the exception of this garniture of flowers, is absolutely plain. A small wreath of orange-flowers and an immense veil of tulle complete the charming effect. There is a long and wide train. The long, pointed bodice is seen in wedding-dresses now being made up, some having the Louise-Quinze coat in white satin brocaded with silver. The fabric chosen has often been China silk of a creamy white, on which the skirt is sometimes seen caught up in Grecian ripples on one side, to display a petticoat-panel of rich lace.

Wedding-gowns, wholly in tulle over silk or satin, are favored by very young brides whose youth makes such a garment suitable.

The bridemaids wear gauze, silk net, chiffon or silk muslin over tulle, and have very high sleeves, small ruffs, and wear toques in white with white flowers, or large hats with the lace border in white jet.

SLEEVES, BRETELLES AND WAIST-FLOUNCES.

The term "waist-flounces," has been lately adopted to describe the lengthening effect given by a use of edge-lace to bring the bodice down about ten or twelve inches on the hips.

The harmonizes with the use of lace at the top of the now huge sleeves as puffing. Bretelles of lace are a recent mode, and show the use of the same lace as is seen about the hips.

This point of fashion, while not actually shape, is so general as to need a special mention in any review of fashion, as, with the deep flounces often displayed to the number of four, it is a conspicuous feature of present styles.

Characteristic of Flies.

The fly has some advantage over a man. For instance, he has a pair of double compound eyes, and with them he can see in any direction or in all directions at once without for an instant turning his head.

These eyes have 4,000 distinct facts, and all of them have direct communication with the brain, so that if a man comes along on one side of him and a lump of sugar on the other, he will be able to watch both of them and stay for the sugar so long as it is safe on account of man.

When he sees he can get one and dodge the other, that is exactly what he does, and he does not have to twist his neck in two trying to keep track of the opposite object.

The fly is particular about the air he breathes. He hasn't a very big mouth and his lungs are small in proportion to his body, but he is particular what he puts into them.

Good green tea, such as the best of the grocers sell for a dollar, steeped pretty strong and well sweetened, will kill as many flies as drink of it. And they will drink of it as readily as a "coon" will play craps. It is estimated that a pound of tea and two pounds of sugar will rid a room of flies within two days—that is, a small room.

Flies are voracious eaters. They do not care so much what they eat as when they eat it. They are particular about regular meals. They do not eat long at a time nor much at a time, but they eat often.

Careful observers have stated that a common house fly will eat 42,200 square meals in twelve hours. One female fly will produce 20,000 young ones in a single day, and they will develop so rapidly as to increase two hundred-fold in weight in twenty four hours.

Scientists have never been able to tell how a fly walks on the ceiling; or, rather, they have never been able to agree about it. All of them have told, but not wo are alike in their explanation. Some say the fly has an air-pump in each of its numerous feet, and that he walks up there by creating a vacuum in his instep and allowing the pressure of the air to sustain him.

Nickel Steel.

Once again the superiority of nickel-steel over all steel armor plates has been demonstrated at the Annapolis proving ground. The test which was exceptionally severe was eminently satisfactory, and fully sustained the former high opinion of this new metal which now may be considered to have passed the experimental stage. It was shown by the trial that eight inches of nickel steel, treated according to the Harvey process, are equal in resisting power to ten inches of all steel. This means a virtual revolution in naval construction in the near future; for the ship that is ensheathed in nickel steel will be able to reduce the weight of her armour by 20 per cent. and still be as well protected as if wrapped in steel of the greater thickness. The results of this fact, which will be very far-reaching, are sure to be appreciated by the great maritime nations which may be expected to at once begin the use of nickel steel in the construction of their new warships. Should this expectation be realized the nickel mines of Ontario would no doubt be called upon to furnish the principal supply of this important metal. What that means to our young Dominion it is impossible to estimate, certainly a very great deal.

Would Try Both.

Dashaway—Hello, Uncle Jasper, I haven't seen you for a long time.

Uncle Jasper—No, sah. De fac' is I'se so shabby dat I kinder hate t' 'pear 'fore 'spectable folks.

Dashaway—Well, now, uncle, if I should offer you the choice between a good glass of whiskey and a good pair of trousers I've got upstairs, which would you take?

Uncle Jasper—(scratching his head)—Well, boss, dat's a pow'ful hard nut to crack. But I spec' if I had dat glass o' whiskey firs' I be dat good I could elocute oy'inter' givin' me dat pair pants, sah.

"You can't earn fifty cents without working for it," says an exchange. True, but you may frequently work for fifty cents without getting it

A Magical Plant.

Chambers's Journal doubts whether any better instance could be found of the wealth of tradition, legend and story that centres in a single little plant than that which has accumulated around the mandrake. It has a literature all to itself, and learning seems to have exhausted itself over its etymology. The plant itself is so insignificant that it would not naturally excite any great interest. It leaves are long, sharp-pointed and hairy, rising immediately from the ground, and are of a vivid dark green. Its flowers are dingy white stained with veins of purple, and its fruit of a pale orange about the size of a nutmeg.

The root is spindle-shaped, often divided into two or three forks, and rudely resembles the human form, from which possibly it takes its name. But if we turn from the plant itself to the monument of learning that has been erected around it, it is impossible not to be struck with the universal interest it has possessed for all people and in all ages. We do not know how many Shakespearean commentators, have puzzled over the allusion in Juliet's immortal soliloquy:

"And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad;"

and contrasted it with the parallel apostrophe of Suffolk in "King Henry VI.," who, asked by Queen Margaret whether he has not spirit to curse his enemies, replies,

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear.

As the legend runs, in order to procure the magic plant it was necessary to cut away all the suckers to the main root before pulling it up, which would cause death to any man or creature who heard the human screams it made. They had an ingenious if cowardly way of getting over the difficulty, which would certainly not comment itself nowadays to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After carefully stopping their ears they took a dog and tied its tail securely to the plant, and then walking away to a short distance called the dog to follow. In doing this, the luckless animal would pull up the much coveted root, but would fall dead upon the spot. This was, at any rate, according to Josephus, the old Jewish practice; but the tradition at least long survived. Whatever may be the origin of the theory that the root shrieked or groaned when separated from the earth, it certainly remained a current tradition long after Shakespeare immortalized it. Since, however, the root is named from its imaginary resemblance to the human figure, it is not unnatural to suppose that it may have been credited with possessing some of the attributes of human feeling. Langhorne, in the latter part of the eighteenth century tell us to

Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands.

Among its names in this connection are those of the "Devil's Food," and the "Devil's Apple," the "Tuphach el Sheitan" of the Arabs. That this uncanny belief continued down to almost modern times is shown by an anecdote for which Madame du Noyer is responsible. According to this, on the murder of the Marechal de Fabert in 1662, which was popularly attributed to his having broken a contract with the devil, two mandrakes of extraordinary beauty were found by his friends in his rooms, and these were regarded as conclusive proofs of the diabolical league, of which they failed to find as they hoped, any written record.

It has always been in great vogue in the East, both Jews and Arabs having from time immemorial also valued it for the magic virtues which were so long commonly attached to a love-philtre. This attribute, which dates at least from Old Testament times, remained current in Italy until the Middle Ages, for there are plenty of records showing that there was brisk demand for the root among the Italian ladies. Perhaps the most extraordinary of the properties attributed to it are those which it shared in common with the Rastrivtrava of Russia, of enabling housebreakers to pick locks, which is certainly one of the most amusing developments of the solar theory. "Love," it is said, "laughs at locksmiths;" but the connection between the mandrake and "burgling" seems a little forced. There is a tradition that the moonwort will unshoe horses if they step upon the plant, and similar powers have been attributed to the vervain and the mandrake.

Mrs. Lushforth—"Why can't you be like Mr. Potts? No one ever sees him coming home in a state of intoxication." Mr. Lushforth—"No; he gets so full that he can't come home at all."

Waste of Religious Funds.

BY THE REV. WALTER BARROWS.

There are forty-six Protestant denominations in our land that have attained to the dignity of notice in our ecclesiastical census. So far as these have been based on doctrinal peculiarities, they have arisen from meddling with and adding to the simple divine constitution of the Church of God. Nor is this the extent of the evil of dividing the body of Christ into separate and rival factions in Christian lands. The evil is extended as far as the name of Christ is made known in the darker places of the earth. Japan has her twenty-six missionary organizations to make known the one way and truth and life; India has thirty-eight and China thirty-nine. All this is humiliating and painful, when we see the appointed stewards of Christ divided into rival, conflicting, and supplanting enterprises, as if they were wordly, mercenary agents for different and competing commercial houses.

The unneeded Christian edifices, ministers, and necessary expenses connected, would vastly exceed the most careful estimate, on any present data. It is obvious that another evangelical church is not necessary in a community where already enough evangelical sittings can be had by all who desire them. And this is what we mean by an unneeded evangelical church. Reasonable church distance is to be determined by neighborhood usage in other matters. A man can go as far for Christian worship as he can for family groceries. If a Christian is so sectarian that he cannot worship with another body of Christians, as sound and good as he, he needs, not another meeting-house, but more grace.

As to this extra tax on the treasury of Christ to sustain sectarian or "will worships," an approximate estimate may be made. We all know personally many churches that are social, financial, and religious impertinences. They were born in a hopeless imbecility and poverty, and live on charity. As religious enterprises they are failures, as business operations they are a reproach to business men, and as the exponents of religion, or agencies for Christ, they dishonor him.

We have in Massachusetts about 1 600 churches of the Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian denominations. All these preach the same truths of salvation. Many of these churches are five, ten, and fifteen minutes apart, and are one-half, one-third, and one fifth filled with regular worshippers. Now, a railroad will not run regularly empty cars; rival lines with empty cars would be consolidated, and the community would probably have better accommodations. Empty pews pay no better than empty cars, and consolidation would benefit all interested.

It would require a local and individual census to determine with tolerable accuracy what churches could be dispensed with on the principle of ample accommodation with the Gospel for all the people. However, it is not a rash opinion to say that about one out of every four of the churches in the five denominations above mentioned could be reasonably closed up. Afterwards the people in such regions would miss nothing of church privileges, but denominationalism only. All of the Gospel—the religion of Christ, and the means of salvation—would still be dispensed to all who wished to hear it as pew occupants. One laborious and studious city missionary assures me that one-fourth of the houses for evangelical worship in Boston could be spared without damaging the supply of the Gospel to all who can be induced to hear it. In Boston there are open every Sabbath 250 places for Protestant worship. One-fourth of these, or sixty-two, could be closed without damage to Protestant worship. The Roman Catholics, who manage their religious affairs in a *business* way, and are forty per cent. of the population, have thirty-four places of public worship—216 less than the Protestants, while a higher per cent. of the Catholic population attend church.

On the Christian and business principles now stated, about four hundred houses of evangelical public worship could be spared in Massachusetts. It is, therefore, a very poor business showing that these four hundred houses of public worship make in this State. How long would a business corporation keep them open? But should not the work of Christ be as well managed as a cotton factory or a railway? Should not every honest and honorable means be adopted to enhance the value of the stock and the dividends? And if enough can be saved by economy or thorough business principles to start another church or mill or railroad where there is an opening, should it not be done?

As to the cost or money lost on these supernumerary churches: Some time since the Baptists reported officially the average annual cost of one of these churches as $1,000, and if correctly, the estimate will hold for the five denominations. But as the useless church is ordinarily of inferior grade and cost, we will venture to estimate these at $500 each, though doubtless much below the real cost. On this estimate the Congregational denomination in Massachusetts is annually wasting $72,000 on 144 churches. The other denominations are wasting in proportion, and the aggregate waste of them all in this State is $187,500 a year. But the money sacrificed is of little account compared with the sacrifice of Christian fellowship. Instead, there is the struggle who shall be greatest, the misrepresentations, maneuvers, and prayers for the success of Calvin or Wesley or Roger Williams, low chicanery and unworthy artfulness that force one to think of demagogues and campaign speeches and stuffed ballot-boxes.

Carry now these estimates of duplicate churches through the country, and we find, in the 100,000 churches of five denominations 25,000 of these supernumerary. Here is a waste of religious funds annually to the astounding aggregate of twelve and a half millions of dollars.

The duplicate meeting-house is very expensive, it will be seen. It is a fetich, very exacting in its sacrifices—a kind of god to which we make offerings. The policy of old Diagoras, the atheistic Athenian, is worthy of attention by us, if not adoption. When he discovered that the statue of Hercules was useless as well as expensive, as a mere denominational wood, he chopped it up to use in boiling his turnips. Now and then one of our duplicate and unhelping meeting-houses might be elevated to usefulness in a similar way.

The condition of our home field is very far from satisfactory, and increasingly so, and we cannot afford to run empty cars in rivalry. The American Home Missionary Society's report for 1889 speaks of "work impatiently waiting to be performed" in the Middle and Southern States, of "crying need and unprecedented opportunity in the Rocky Mountain regions and Northern Pacific States," and it says that "the development of the country has far outstripped the augmenting means." By recent correspondence with the District Secretary I learned that in sixteen of our thirty-two districts four hundred and eighty-four more missionaries were needed and could be at once employed on destitute fields, unoccupied by any other denomination, yet I had answers from only one-half the districts. We are slow to learn that we are making a new nation in our new land, with great rapidity: and trade, agriculture, and railroads seem to know much more about it than benevolent officials, secretaries, and Eastern churches.

The condition of evangelization in our new lands by the five evangelical denominations is far from satisfactory. Eastern managers do not seem to know when ten of our marvelous Western years have gone by. I cannot say what is needed. Perhaps managers' feet that will get off the pavements, eyes that will see further and new things, directors that will sell hundreds of weight of stereotype plates for old type-metal.

When New Mexico had been in the Union thirty-two years, I was in the Territory and found it had no Congregational church, though as large as fourteen States like Massachusetts. With an agent of the American Home Missionary Society we examined Albuquerque, and we prepared for the first church of our order in that Territory—none preceding us, I think, of any kind in Albuquerque. Soon after I secured the organization of our first church in Arizona. The population of these two Territories was then pagan and semi-Christian after it had been thirty-two years under the American flag. Not long since, I was in Wyoming over the Sabbath, and was invited to preach in a log cabin. I was the first clergyman ever seen in the region, 125 miles from the railroad, and it was their first public worship, and there was no church of any kind within 125 miles of that cabin.

How much we need the twelve and a half millions of wasted money to plant those 25,000 of unneeded churches where there is such painful want of them!

The not very creditable condition of the American Home Missionary Society is suggestive of *some* new policy. With so many neglected, unoccupied fields as I have suggested, there is due to date $20,000 for missionary salaries in arrears, and notes to the banks for $115,000 already gone to pay back salaries. One business way out of these financial embarrassments in our Home Missionary treasury is to stop *bluntly* the organization of unneeded churches. The Congregational denomination paid last year for those already formed and unneeded about $500,000. We paid in our Home Missionary work only $701,000.

I cite two illustrations of the working of this foolish evil of duplicate churches. I quote first from the Minutes of the New England Conference of Methodist churches for 1890: "The condition of many feeble charges among us is pitiable indeed. Thirty churches average less than $270 a year for pastoral support, rent excluded; fifty preachers receive $500 a year or less; forty-seven churches in our Conference have less than fifty members each, and sixty-five more have less than one hundred" (pp. 88, 89). And these are not old and depleted churches, like many Congregational ones, that generations and a wasting population have left in large areas. They are newly planted. Again, in the State of New York there are 876 Baptist churches, of which 469 have less than one hundred members each, and 218 have fifty or less. It is not surprising that 186 of these are without pastors.

Can anything be done to remedy this immense evil? It is not a cheerful undertaking, and does not promise at first much enthusiasm, but, rather, heroic sacrifice. But a remedy is possible. No one must say to American Christians that what ought to be done cannot be done. We are always doing the impossible.

Five adjectives that now cost the Church of Christ $2,000,000 and more apiece in the United States annually must be withdrawn from circulation, like protested paper or Confederate script. The traditions and practices of the modern Church must be discarded as unwarranted. We must add abundantly to the ecclesiastical *debris* which lies scattered along the track of the true Church for fifteen centuries. A foolish consistency, which Emerson calls "the hobgoblin of little minds," must be cast off. We must swamp the cemeteries attached to our theological schools by the interment of not only dead theologies, but dead ecclesiasticism.

For a thousand and a half of years we have been disregarding the divine constitution of the Church, and have treated the organization as a human club, with annexes, prefixes, and suffixes to suit the party and the times. Examinations for admission to the Church have been made on theology, philosophy, and ethics, more than on piety. This is the original sin. Hence sects, denominations, partisan churches, strife, wicked rivalry, unnecessary organizations, and these enormous and useless drafts on the one treasury of our common Lord.

What then, are we to do? Return to the original and unalterable constitution of the Church of God. The basis of admission and membership therein is one and simple—*friendship for God*. No one shows this satisfactorily he has a permit and a command from God to enter. This is the center and circumference of qualification for church membership. From the days of Abraham, the father of believers and the friend of God, it was so. In Apostolic times this friendship was proved by repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Every other requisition is a human encumbrance to the divine plan. In church growth synods and councils, decretals and creeds, furnish no precedent for us. At the first the Church of God was a plain, simple structure, for plain, godly men, but it has become a house of seven gables, and architects and builders are yet noisily about it, adding many more.

An unpopular remedy is the only one. Organize no church whose confession for admission will not admit any child of God. If God is making up a company, it ill becomes us, who are only guests, to qualify the cards of invitation, or go into "doubtful disputations" over the fitness of one who is already within the guest chamber.

The like misfortune has befallen the original and simple Church of God which befell the law of God by Moses. The Talmud of Jerusalem and of Babylon loaded down the law with several scores of huge volumes, so that in the time of Christ they made it void by traditions. The creeds of general assemblies and the canons of great councils in other days and our own have so burdened and obscured the constitution of the original Church that it is nigh impossible for us now to see and admit its only two simple items or articles which make up its constitution as God drafted it—repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet the Church must humble herself and all sacred learning by going back to that duplex original.

As this divine course of proceeding in administering a church would take in all of God's friends, there will be no call in a given and convenient area for a new organization till the old church is filled. I suppose we are to proceed in planting new branch churches as they did in planting new synagogues. When the old one was filled, a new one was founded in the most convenient place, with a duplicate service like that in the overcrowded old synagogue. Disregarding this shows how the five evangelical denominations have now 25,000 unnecessary churches and are making annually a wasteful outlay of the Lord's money to the enormous sum of twelve and a half millions.

Our missionary societies, home and foreign, should look to it that no church is organized on the exclusive principle. This is very important on our new borders, where now, in the villages, the number of sectarian churches is exceedingly offensive to true religion and to business men. Now, in towns of three, four, and five hundred people there will be found three, four, or five evangelical churches, and they are all aided by missionary funds, while all combined could not fill one of those rival churches. The executive committees of these missionary societies of the five denominations should combine and agree to grant no aid to a new and rival church while there are abundant sittings for the applicants in the older churches.

In the United States I know of no business so poorly managed as the extension of the Church. After two or three others are settled, here lies our next great reform.

A Race for Life.

While foraging in the vicinity of Tiflis in the Caucasus, one morning, an Englishman spied a herd of antelope, at which, after getting within reasonable distance, he fired two shots, apparently without effect. But a most unpleasant adventure resulted, as the shots roused some savage sheepdogs who were doing duty over a flock near by. The man was surrounded in a moment, and as the dogs were closing in on him a shepherd ran toward the scene with a shout which still further inflamed the brutes, one of whom rushed upon the Englishman, and bit through one of the tendons behind the knee.

Drawing his revolver the exasperated Englishman fired at the dogs, thus for the moment freeing himself. Then he ran to the shepherd, seized him by the collar, and forced him to call them off, after which he resumed his search for an antelope.

He wandered fruitlessly about for many hours among the hills, and finally stumbled upon a campfire, round which three Tartars were seated—among them his friend of the morning. An invitation to join them was immediately given, which, not being accepted, took at once the form of a command. A signal-cry was sounded, while two of the Tartars made for their reluctant guest.

"My first thought," says the Englishman, "was to stand and fight, for their intensions were obviously hostile. But unless I meant to use my rifle, my chance against the four—for another had now appeared—would evidently be poor; so with a good start I took to my heels and ran.

"Up one hill and over its brow into the valley that separated it from another no bigger than itself from that to another and then to a third, the chase went on, the pursuers growing in numbers each time I looked back, until, when quite blown, I stopped to see whether my rifle would intimidate them, they had increased to over a dozen.

"A shot from the rifle did stop them for a moment or two; but before I was well at the bottom of the hill from which I had fired, I heard them coming on again. And here I began to feel that things were really extremely serious for me.

"I had killed their dog, and had, therefore, little mercy to expect from them. I was dead beat, and my bitten leg made running all the more difficult. I had only half a dozen cartridges with me, and at the best I could not hope to make a good fight of it, so poorly furnished with ammunition, against so many rascals with their blood up, in a place where there was no stone or bush to get behind.

How to Stop Nose-Bleeding.

Bleeding from the nose occurs in the majority of cases either from the sides of the septum, or the outer walls of the front portion of the nose. All that is necessary to stop the bleeding is to make pressure upon the bleeding point. This can be done by continuous pressure with the thumb and finger. The pressure should be applied from above downward, and the nose should be grasped close up to the "bridge," or bony part. Firm compression should be continued for at least ten or fifteen minutes, and when it is removed, the nose should not be cleared, as this would remove the clot, and so start the bleeding afresh. An ingenious country doctor keeps a wooden clothespin to use for this purpose, and an eminent physician asserts that in twenty years' practice he has not found a case which did not readily yield to the employment of this simple means.

HELEN'S ESCAPE.

BY H. F. ABEL.

CHAPTER III.

Jack Corner's opinion about Monsieur Pontneuf naturally produced a vivid impression upon me; for the notion that my quiet, polite, refined professor could be the accomplice of men whose notions and acts were just at this time arousing the horror of the civilised world, had never entered my head. But when I came to think over it, the idea was not so ridiculous as it had at first appeared; for the position of Monsieur Pontneuf in my house was just such a one as would disarm suspicion, and he had innumerable opportunities of corresponding and plotting and arranging without the smallest chance of detection. Still, there was not sufficient reason for me to take any action in the matter, and certainly the scrap of conversation I had overheard in the summer-house did not strike me as being of a particularly compromising nature; indeed, the impression I gained therefrom was that Monsieur Pontneuf, so far from being "wanted" himself, was on the lookout for somebody else. But Jack Corner was not the sort of man to hint so grave a suspicion against any one without good reason, and I felt sure that he must have overheard or have learnt something which had warranted him in saying what he did to me.

As we were going to Paris the next day, and as Jack was about to start on what he called "his farewell bachelor jaunt." I had asked him to dine with us, and it occurred to me that Monsieur Pontneuf might join our party, although I knew that as a rule he kept aloof from all social entertainment. To my surprise, the professor gladly and readily accepted my invitation; and appeared at the appointed time, faultlessly arrayed, and looking as unlike the ideal assassin of czars and destroyer of public buildings as could be imagined.

During the dinner, Monsieur Pontneuf showed himself in quite new colours: all his reserve and shyness disappeared; he charmed my wife with his intelligent talk, and still more so by the masterly manner in which he operated on a pair of ducks. He laughed and chatted and joked until it became hard to realise that he was identical with the "Dismal Froggy" of the villagers.

When the ladies had withdrawn, and a bottle of my choice Burgundy was placed on the table, he expanded still further, until I really regretted that during so long a period I had been without the society of so charming a companion. It was now for the first time that he learned that I had been in Paris during the siege and under the Commune, and the subject seemed to interest him very much, especially when I related the episode of Mr. Rayne's mysterious arrival and departure. I asked him what he thought about Mr. Rayne.

"It is plain enough what he was," replied the professor. "He was one of that rascally so-called Foreign Legion enlisted from the scum of all the great cities of Europe—men who had nothing to lose and everything to gain, who hailed the supremacy of the Commune as an opportunity for enriching themselves at the expense of others; and to whom is due, quite as much as to my own countrymen, the shameful destruction of public buildings. He had probably been caught pillaging and had escaped to you."

Jack Corner spoke villainous French, but he could understand most of what was said.

"Is Monsieur a Republican?' he asked.

I should state here that before the professor had arrived, Jack had told me that he intended, if possible, to find out who and what our guest was, and I knew that with this simple question Jack was commencing his "pumping" process, especially as he pushed the bottle to the professor as often as he could, with the idea, no doubt, of loosening the professor's tongue.

"No, sir," replied Monsieur Pontneuf with true refugee dignity. "I am a Bonapartist—one of a party almost as much detested in Paris just now as a Communard or a German, or I should not be teaching my native language in England."

I took no part in the conversation which ensued between the two men, a conversation which, under a social guise, reminded me very much of a passage of wit between a clever cross-examining counsel and an equally clever witness. Indeed, I was rather interested in the result; and in order that my presence should not act as a deterrent, I had another bottle brought on table, and after entreating my guests not to hurry themselves, left the room on the plea that I had a few domestic arrangements to see to. There was nothing unbecoming as a host in my doing this, for we never gave formal dinner-parties, and I knew that Jack Corner's aunt was perfectly happy in the drawing-room, talking local gossip with my wife, and listening to Helen's old English ballads at the piano.

My two guests, however, must have been vastly absorbed in their talk, for I had been an hour in the drawing-room before Jack came in. I noticed that he was rather pale, and when he turned over the leaves of Helen's music, that his hand shook; so I took the first opportunity of asking him what had passed between him and the professor, and why the Frenchman had not come in.

"He's a mystery—that's all I can tell you. I haven't got much out of him, for he is far too wide awake, and he has gone off without a word."

"Gone off!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean, Jack? I hope you haven't offended him?"

"I hope not," replied Jack, smiling. "But I think he began to see the drift of my talk, and I don't think he liked it. However, I may be mistaken, and after all, it is perhaps only his eccentricity."

Helen and Jack sang duets together, and Jack gave us a rollicking song of the sea, and then we sat down to a quiet rubber of whist, which occupied us until eleven o'clock, when Miss Corner, an old lady of the "smiler" type, pleased with everybody and everything showed signs of fatigue.

I escorted them to the gate and afterwards took a stroll alone in the moonlight. Of course the chief place in my thoughts was occupied by the professor, and I could not satisfactorily account for his sudden disappearance from my house, for, so far as I could judge from his usual behavior, he was the very last man to commit such a breach of good manners as to go away without a word of explanation or farewell. The result of a prolonged meditation, during which I had wandered almost as far as the summer-house, was, that I felt convinced that Jack had been right, and that Monsieur Pontneuf was in reality a great deal more important a personage than he choose to be taken for, whatever the mystery that surrounded him might be. The distant boom of midnight from the church tower warned me that I had gone far enough, if I wished to have a good night's rest before my journey on the next day, and I was turning homewards, when a black patch on the light sandy soil attracted my attention. Stooping down and touching it, I found it stained my finger a dark color. I struck a light, and saw it was blood. I am not a very nervous man; but I must admit that the coming upon this appalling indication of a dark deed at such a lonely spot, at such a weird, still hour of the night, produced a feeling within me which was closely akin to terror. Then I noticed that there was blood farther on, patch after patch, as if some one had been wounded and dragged or had dragged himself along. I followed it until it stopped; but the trampled and torn appearance of the bushes on the stream side of the path showed me that some one had passed down towards the stream, which at this place forms a deep wide pool. Down I went in the bright moonlight, guided by the appearance of the bushes, until, as I anticipated, all further traces were lost at the water's brink. I looked carefully about for some tell-tale relic of what had happened—a shred of cloth or an article of clothing; but there was nothing. I felt sure that something terrible had been enacted here, and instantly I associated Monsieur Pontneuf with it, although I scarcely dare think that Jack Corner was the victim.

I stood horror-struck for some moments, unable to collect my thoughts, irresolute as to how I should act; and the longer I stood, the more firmly I became convinced that my suave, urbane professor was, as Jack Corner had suspected, a fiend in human shape—that Jack had spoken too freely of his suspicions, and had been made an example of the saying that "dead men tell no tales."

Then I strode off in the direction of the Cedars, Jack Corner's house, situated but a quarter of an hour's walk from my own, in a sequestered little dell near the London Road. It was approached through a lodge-gate which opened on to a winding road through dark fir-trees; but Jack, who was of unostentatious habits, had dispensed with the services of a lodge-keeper, although, as the London Road was lonely and much infested by tramps, the gates were securely locked at night. My surprise, therefore, may be imagined when I found the gates wide open, and my suspicions as to my poor friend's fate were thereby confirmed, for I knew that if Jack had returned home in the usual course, he would have seen that his premises were closed for the night. With a courage which could only have been the fruit of despair, I almost ran up the gloomy, weirdly shadowed road to the house. It was dark and silent and although I rang and hammered at the door for a quarter of an hour, I could get neither reply nor admittance.

Another horrible notion crossed my mind as I stood there in the stilly night, wondering what my next step should be. Suppose that, after having disposed of Jack Corner, the murderer, in order more effectually to secure his escape, had gone to the house had made away with Miss Corner and poor Gabrielle, and that a forced entrance into it would reveal their lifeless bodies?

Before, however, giving the alarm and procuring the assistance of the police, I determined to visit Pontneuf's lodging in the village, and I began to retrace my steps down the avenue. I stopped short after I had gone a little way, and for the first time I remembered Jack Corner's coachman, who was also man-of-all-work—reported to be the favoured swain of Gabrielle—who slept over the stable, and who, although he was sufficiently far from the house to be unaware of anything that may occur there, might aid me in my investigation. Accordingly, I turned off to the stable; and here another surprise awaited me. The doors of the coach-house were wide open, and the little pony-trap, which I knew Jack had bought as a wedding present for my Helen, was not visible. I called out to the coachman above, but could get no reply; so I lit a stable lantern, and prepared for further horrors, ascended the stairs. The man's door was open, and he was lying on his bed, so gagged with his own neckcloth that he could neither see nor speak, whilst his arms and legs were securely fastened with carriage straps; but I was relieved to find that at anyrate he was alive, for upon my entering the room, he moved. I quickly released him from his bonds, and, stammering with excitement and fright, he told me that he had gone to bed as usual at ten o'clock, and had fallen asleep; that he was violently awakened by feeling the neckcloth tied tightly over his face; that on attempting to rise, he found that his legs had already been bound, and that, in spite of his struggles, his arms were presently bound also. He could not tell me who had done it; but said that immediately afterwards he heard the pony put into the trap and driven off.

To my mind, therefore, it was clear that Pontneuf had escaped. However, with the coachman I went on to the cottage where the professor lodged, and after some difficulty, succeeded in awakening the owner.

"Is Monsieur Pontneuf in?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I believe so," replied the man. "I've been abed since nine o'clock, so I couldn't say for surtin sure, but he generally is in at this time."

"Get a light, and let us see," I said.

The man hesitated. Perhaps he thought I had been drinking, to make such a request, for every one knew that I had a small dinner-party that evening, and that the Frenchman had been one of the guests.

"Do you hear? Look sharp! It's a matter of life and death," I continued; and this brought him to his senses, for he presently appeared with a candle.

We went to the professor's room; the door was open, but the room was empty, although the Frenchman's portmanteau was there. I opened it, and within I found his dress-clothes, rammed in evidently with haste, soaked with water, torn, and bedabbled with clay and blood.

The two men stood gaping wonderingly at the clothes, for of course they knew nothing of what I suspected; but to me the case was clear. Words must have passed between my poor friend and the professor upon the subject of Socialism over that second bottle of wine. The Frenchman had gone out, had waylaid Jack, and, after a desperate struggle, had killed him, and flung his body into the stream. Then he must have gone on to the Cedars, perhaps have made away with Miss Corner and Gabrielle, bound and gagged the coachman, and escaped in his victim's pony-chaise.

So I impressed secrecy on the two men, but not with the faintest hope that they could keep such a *bonne bouche* of gossip to themselves, locked the door of the professor's room, and turned homewards, troubled in my mind not only how to take the immediate action which was necessary, but how to break the news to my wife and my poor Helen.

Then I thought of Miss Corner and Gabrielle; again turned back, called up the local constable, and with him proceeded to the house. We broke it open; we searched every nook and corner from attic to basement; but not a trace of either Miss Corner or of Gabrielle could we find, although their belongings were in their rooms. This completed the veil of mystery around the affair; and I felt that I had been completely outwitted by this scoundrel, whom I had welcomed to my own hearth as a friend.

Early next morning—or rather that same morning, for it was past three ere I crept home to my anxious wife, whose curiosity I had to satisfy with a relation of what had happened—men were set to work to drag the stream for the body, which I felt sure lay hidden somewhere. But nothing was found—a strange fact, considering that the pool, although deep, was very small, and that the stream was both shallow and sluggish. There was picked up, however, a torn, bloodstained handkerchief, with the initials J. C.

When I returned home, heartbroken, and not knowing how next to act—for, during my quiet, monotonous life in this little place my faculties for grappling with sudden emergencies had rusted—I found that my wife had told Helen of my suspicions. The poor girl's agony at this cruel dashing away from her lips of the cup of happiness she was about to taste, was the most painful thing I ever witnessed; and I resolved that I would spare no time or trouble or expense in endeavoring to bring the villain to justice who had so foully wronged her.

We had a London detective down to aid the local police in their researches; but their united industry and sagacity could throw no light on the mystery; and at the end of three weeks we were as much in the dark as before.

When the clothing found in the professor's portmanteau was searched, there was found a small notebook, on the fly-leaf of which was written the name of De Busy. The book was alphabetically arranged with proper names of all nationalities followed by addresses in Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. One leaf alone was torn off almost from the top, and, to my amazement, I saw on the remaining fragment the name Rayne. Jack Corner's surmise had evidently been correct; the *soi-disant* professor was nothing else but a secret agent of the Socialist party; and I was convinced that the names in this book were those of other agents in various parts; and that the Englishman who had taken refuge in my room at the Rue de Douai six years previously was one. That this particular leaf, and this only, was torn was to me very significant.

CHAPTER IV.

Helen's health became a subject of such anxiety to me, that I determined to remove her for a while from the neighbourhood of scenes fraught with such painful associations; so we closed our house and started on a prolonged and foreign tour. We travelled for three months in Italy, Sicily, and the Riviera, and at the end of September arrived in Paris, where we proposed to remain a few days previous to returning home.

I am an old habitue of Paris, and I have always remarked how, in the absence of any startling crime, the complaint rises of the lack of news. Politics are all very well, and serve to keep the *flaneurs* of the boulevards and a certain section of the people provided with topics for conversation and discussion; but the typical Monsieur l'rudhomme likes nothing better than a good startling crime, with plenty of harrowing details, and a strong spice of mystery about it.

We were not very long in Paris before we found out that the all-absorbing topic of interest was "l'affaire Arosa." Wherever we went, we heard of nothing but "l'affaire Arosa." The hawkers cried it on the boulevards; in trams and omnibuses and trains it was the subject of conversation; the waiters at the hotel whispered about it during the intervals between the course at the *table-d'hote*; the first part of the daily paper attached was that which was headed "l'affaire Arosa."

The name Arosa seemed familiar to me; at anyrate, I remembered to have heard it, but for the life of me, I could not recall when or under what circumstances; so I bought a *Gaulois* with the view of enlightening myself about "l'affaire Arosa," and on the chance that something therein might bring to my mind the circumstance with which, in my memory, the name Arosa was associated. I had not read half-a-dozen lines before I was carried back in imagination to the Rue de Douai during the seven days of the Commune and was again face to face with the poor cowering wretch who had given his name to me as Dixon Rayne. The following is a free translation of what I read: "It was elicited in the course of examination that the accused, who although an Englishman by birth, is a cosmopolitan in crime, and speaks half-a-dozen European languages fairly well, had

been the keeper of a well-known gambling saloon in the Rue de Provence for some years, and that he had been ruined during the seige. For some time previously he had been paying marked attentions to Madame Arosa, an invalid Spanish lady of great wealth, undoubtedly with the sole object of getting her money. It appears, however, that his suit was rejected, and that he was driven to the lowest depths of despair. On the night of May 27, 1871 when the Communist cause was making its last struggle, and the city was in indescribable confusion and panic, Madame Arosa, who was known to have withdrawn all her securities from the banking-house of Messrs. Fould, ready for instant flight to Spain as soon as a safe passage could be secured, was found murdered in her bedroom. Her strong-box had been violently broken open and rifled of its contents, and the means of escape employed by the murderer was quite evident, as a window of yellow-stained glass was found broken, and there were marks of feet on the leads below. In spite of the prevalent confusion--for there was severe fighting going on in all the streets around Madame Arosa's house in the Rue Blanche—the alarm was raised by some women who had witnessed the escape of the murderer, and he was pursued. In the confusion of the streets, however, he made good his escape, and contrived to get over to England. The property he stole amounted to a million francs, mostly invested in French and English railways. The President of the court paid a high tribute to the energy and intelligence of Detective Commissary De Bussy, who has for five years been engaged in following up this crime, and who has at last succeeded in bringing a diabolical criminal to justice."

"De Bussy!—Arosa!" I muttered to myself. "I know both the names.—Ah! Now I remember!"

I rushed off to an old friend in the Embassy for the purpose of procuring a seat in the Palais de Justice; for I had had sufficient experience of French criminal courts to know that upon the occasions of great cases admittance thereto without an order is almost impossible. I had got half-way down the Rue de Rivoli, when some one coming down a by-street stumbled against me, and would have knocked me over but that he caught me in his arms. I looked. It was Monsieur Pontneuf!

I do not know what the loungers under the arcade must have thought was the matter with me, but at the sight of this man —the murderer of my neighbor and intended son-in-law, the wrecker of my child's happiness—at the sight of his cool, calm smile and of his brazen face, I fairly staggered and uttered a cry of amrzement.

"Why," he said, "you seem surprised to see me. Haven't you had my letters? When I saw you, I made sure that you had come over in answer to them.—No?"

"Monsieur Pontneuf"——I began, in as dignified and scornful a tone as my horror and surprise would allow me to assume.

"No, no; that's all done with," he interrupted. "My name's De Bussy"——

"You—De Bussy--the great detective?" I stammered.

"Yes, yes.—I see you don't know anything about it. Look here. I'm in a great hurry, as the court opens at ten. Here's my card. Give that in at the door, and you will get in. Don't be late!—Au revoir!" And before I could collect my scattered senses, he was lost in the crowd. I examined the card; it had simply on it—"De Bussy, Depot de Police, Rue Mazas."

What did it all mean? I had heard of the adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief," but never of "Set a murderer to catch a murderer;" yet here was this man, who had clearly and unmistakably killed Jack Corner posing as the industrious and intelligent representative of order and justice, and aiding in sending a fellow-creature into eternity. However, I had no time to stand speculating, as I must run back to the hotel and tell the ladies whither I was bound, and get to the Palais de Justice at a few minutes before ten.

The court was already crowded to overflowing, but De Bussy's card acted as an open sesame, and I was politely ushered to a seat near the representatives of the press, close to the prisoner's dock. As the clock struck ten, the judge entered, followed by a crowd of barristers and lawyers, and the hum of general conversation was immediately stopped. Presently the hum arose again for a moment, and all that sea of anxious faces was turned towards a small door at the side of the court. Through this entered, attended on either side by fierce-looking gendarmes, the prisoner. Imagine my amazement when I recognized at once, in spite of shaved beard and whiskers, Jack Corner! At this distance of time, I can hardly tell what feelings were uppermost within me at his extraordinary *denouement*. Perhaps better than by any description of mine they can be realized by any one who can imagine an old and trusted friend lamented as the victim of a fiendish outrage, suddenly proved to be a villian of the deepest dye; and a man long suspected and sought after as a murderer, standing forth as the champion of justice and right. My gaze was rivited on the prisoner, who seemed to be perfectly indifferent to his awful position; and presently, in the course of his almost defiant glance around the court, his eyes met mine, and, with a wave of his hand, he nodded me a greeting.

The case, which had already lasted a week, proceeded; but it was impossible to pay much attention to it, so occupied was I with running over the incidents of my acquanitance with the man who now stood before me on trial for his life; and so ful of thankfulness was I that my poor Helen had been spared union in holy wedlock with such a man. A sudden silence in court diverted my attention to what was going on around me, and I heard sentence of death pronounced upon the murderer of Madame Arosa, my quondam intimate, John Corner. Then the crowd hurried away chattering and laughing, as from a play-house; but I waited for De Bussy.

"Come and dine with me to-night," I said, "and then you can tell us quietly all that has taken place since we sat at table together."

He accepted the invitation; and I hastened to the hotel to inform my wife and Helen of of what had taken place—news which, I need scarcely say, was received by them with astonishment and thankfulness as great as was mine.

De Bussy dined with us, and afterwards told us as follows:

"I need not detail to you the troubles and difficulties with which I had to cope before I could fairly persuade myself that I was on the track of the right man. Even after I had lived with you for some time as professor of French, I was not sure enough of my man to feel justified in making a *coup*: and had it not been that as a French officer of police I was enabled to terrorise, so to speak, the girl Gabrielle, and to extort information about Mr. Rayne's movements"——

I caught at the name Rayne, and said: "About *whose* movements?"

"Rayne's—Dixon Rayne's.—Why, dear me, I was going to omit to tell you as curious a thing as there is in the whole affair. You may perhaps remember, when you told me of your adventure during the Commune, how interested I was. Well, no wonder considering that I was none other than Mr. Dixon Rayne."

"Then, do you mean to say that the man who took refuge in my room in Paris, and the murderer of Madame Arosa, and Mr. John Corner are one and the same?" I said, more astonished than ever.

"Certainly I do," replied the officer; "and I'm not astonished at your not being able to recognise him, when he has baffled the most clever detectives of Europe during these five years. His hands were yet hot with the murder of the poor old lady, when he claimed your protection.—But to my own story. As I was saying, Gabrielle gave me a lot of information concerning our friend's movements, or I verily believe he would have escaped again. As it was, directly he found out that I was in the habit of meeting the girl on the quiet, he smelt a rat; and we have since found out that his pretended visit to Switzerland meant that he had arranged for flight at a moment's notice. Well, I dined with you that evening and you left us alone, if you remember. We talked, and each knew that the other was trying to sound him. At length, Corner suggested that we should go out for a stroll. I acceded; and we went out into the garden, I still keeping the conversation fixed upon the murder of Madame Arosa, for, although I was pretty sure of my man, I felt that I might convince myself thoroughly before I made the final pounce. Well, as we reached the path by the stream, he suddenly sprang at me, struck me several times with a sharp instrument, which, however, only wounded me, as I always wear a steel protector under my outer garments; then he stunned me with a final blow, and when I recovered consciousness, I was lying on my back half in and half out of the stream. Wounded and exhausted with loss of blood as I was, I made all the haste I could, went to my lodgings, changed my clothes, and then hurried on to the Cedars, not quite expecting to see my man, although I thought it possible that, in the full belief that he had killed me, he might remain until the morrow. So I was not surprised to find him not there. Knowing that he could not get out of the country at any-rate that night, I determined not to waste a minute, and luckily falling in with a carrier's cart, got up to London. I kept the matter quite quiet, not even informing Scotland Yard of the matter, for I made pretty sure of the capture. But he gave me the slip, he and his precious aunt, for all that; and it was only six weeks back that I nailed my gentleman quietly reading his paper in a restaurant on the boulevards. I was on him like a cat, in spite of his assumption of outraged innocence; and next Thursday he makes his last appearance in public on the Place de la Roquette.—By the way, I must have left a pocket-book at my lodgings with valuable information in it of use to no one but the owner."

"I have it," I replied; "and you must come over and spend your first holiday with us, for I shall never know how to atone sufficiently for the terrible opinion of you which, through me has been spread about."

"Of me?" said the detective.

"Why certainly," I replied. "At this moment, in and about Kensham you are believed to have murdered Corner; and until this morning, we believed the same thing."

"Circumstances certainly looked ugly against me," said De Bussy; "but you see the success of my movements depended entirely upon absolute secrecy."

"Suppose you had been arrested?" I said.

"The freemasonry among our profession would have prevented that."

Helen still remains at home, for she says that she can never give to another man the love she gave to Corner, although she is heartily thankful for her narrow escape from marrying him. De Bussy paid us his promised visit, and brought with him his wife and Miss Gabrielle, who renewed her abruptly broken-off acquaintance with Mr. Corner's coachman, and married him.

[THE END.]

Grandma's Pantry.

It is long since some of us have seen any of the crullers of which we were so fond when grandmother made them.

She used to make, also, a toothsome little seed-cake, fragrant with caraway and anise seeds, with sugar on top, the like of which we have not seen since we used to slip into her pantry, and help ourselves out of the old blue stone jar in which they were always kept.

There was another and larger stone jar on the same shelf, in which she kept those big, puffy, twisted and braided doughnuts that neither looked nor tasted like the degenerate doughnuts of the present day.

Sometimes we chose a cooky instead, a cooky "as was a cooky;" not a thin wafer-like, dry cooky, like the cookies of this generation, but a full inch thick and almost as large as a saucer—a cooky to delight the heart and still more the stomach of a hungry boy.

You remember, too, the big brown turn-over with your initial on it. In these days of elaborate and unwholesome dishes you have never tasted anything better than that turn-over.

You found many things in your grandmother's pantry that you never find anywhere now. And perhaps, with the exception of your own mother, you have never found any one so kind and patient and generous as grandmother herself was.

Knew All About Spoons.

"Got some new spoons, eh?" remarked a dapper, pleasant little fellow to the new clerk of a drug store after he had ordered some beef tea.

"That's what we have," replied the night clerk. "Couldn't tell 'em from solid, could you?"

"Yes," replied the little man, "I could."

"You must be pretty smart; most people couldn't."

"I'd know they were plated with my eyes shut."

"Come off!"

"I would. I have to in my business."

"Oh, I see. Jeweler, eh?"

"No."

"Butler?"

"No."

"You ain't a waiter?"

"No."

"Then how do you come to know so much about spoons?"

"I'm a burglar."

"Burglar!"

"Yes. You see, if I couldn't tell plated ware from solid in the dark I might as well quit."

Then he finished his tea, paid his check and sauntered out.

Black parasols have a band of "jeweled" passementerie.

Bathing a Sanitary Need.

We clip the following excellent article from the *Healthy Home*:

The skin discharges the most important functions. Therefore personal cleanliness cannot be systematically neglected without risk to health. The quantity of water excreted by the skin is on the average about double that given off by the lungs in the same time, and in addition to water, carbonic acid gas and other used up products are constantly thrown off by the skin.

Then again the flattened cells or scales of the scarf or extreme outside skin are being constantly cast off, but by contact with the clothing and mixed with oily secretions of the skin they form a thin crust, as it were, which covers the whole body. This attracts the floating dust, ever present in the atmosphere, and the result is that healthy life is disturbed, more than a proper share of work is thrown on the lungs, kidneys and other eliminating organs, the blood is not properly purified and disorders of the skin are induced. The whole surface of the body from head to foot should be cleansed, at least once a day. Neglect of personal cleanliness is by no means confined to the poorer classes. There are numbers of well-to-do people who seldom or never wash, and to whom the "morning tub" is an unknown auxiliary to health and comfort. Yet it takes very little time, expense or trouble to secure ablution of the body of some sort. A hand-basin, a sponge, a shallow bath or flat tub, a piece of good white soap with no excess of alkali, a couple of gallons of water, and a towel, are all that are required; and the whole process need not occupy more than five minutes. Even rubbing the body first with a dry towel will, in most cases, keep the skin sufficiently clean during the week and promote healthy reaction, provided a warm bath, with a good soaping, is taken at the close of the week. A good flesh brush is also a valuable adjunct.

Infants should always be bathed in warm water, and if cold water is ever used the transition should be very gradual, and only tried in the summer time. Indeed, there is no doubt that a great many children contract a strong aversion to cold water, because they have injudiciously and thoughtlessly been subjected to the cold bath at periods when they were unable to bear it. A convenient time for taking a bath is just after getting out of bed in the morning or just before going to bed. This latter time is appropriate, as a bath is found to be very refreshing after severe or prolonged exercise of any kind.

In drying the skin, various kinds of towels may be used, but the results produced by friction will be all the more beneficial if the skin can tolerate a rough towel. Flesh gloves or hair gloves can also be used to advantage.

As to the time spent in bathing much depends on the kind of bath and the condition and constitution of the bather. Three minutes is quite sufficient for the cold sponge bath or cold plunge. In the tepid or warm bath the period may be prolonged to ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

Remarkable Adventuress.

A remarkable adventuress, named Delphine Geyler, whose notoriety is of long date, and who practises her arts with varying success in Paris, London, and other European capitals, has been condemned at Pau to six months' imprisonment, the sentence being afterwards increased to two years by order of the Paris Court. This new Becky Sharp was born of respectable parents at Nantes in 1829, and received a good education in a convent at Algiers. After two years or so of wedded life in an African colony she became impatient of domestic ties, and went off to Paris with a clever young fellow, who afterwards rose to be a noted statesman. About the year 1861 Geyler was wandering about France as a countess. She lived in great style, but came to grief at Lyons, where she had her first experience of the dock, the prisoner having been condemned to one year's imprisonment for obtaining goods under false pretences. On her liberation, she passed through various cities, from time to time acting as governess, music teacher, or *dame de compagnie*, in which last capacity she is said to have been employed for a while in London. A few years ago she came to Paris, where she obtained a considerable sum of money from the vicar of a metropolitan parish, whose church she promised to get her husband to restore. The said husband was represented to the estimable ecclesiastic as a wealthy English lord. Delphine Geyler was arrested lately at Lourdes where she was engaged in perpetrating frauds on several pious and opulent pilgrims to that celebrated shrine.

PARSON VENABLES' ADVENTUER.

CHAP. I.

St. Fimbarrus is the name of a lonely little parish on a hillside in a distant county. The country round about is all wild moorland. From the church porch of St Fimbarrus you can see many miles of undulating downs, now rising into hills of respectable elevation, and again sinking into valleys, through which a little stream brawls among stunted trees. There are no trees in St Fimbarrus itself, save a few weakly firs in the vicar's garden, which he nurses with sedulous care, in the hope that they may one day afford some shelter from the fierce winds that sweep down the glens on every side towards the vicarage. It is a hope unlikely to be realized; certainly, its fulfilment is so distant that ere it comes, the vicar will have been laid in that other tenement of his, within sight of his study window, which he purchased when his last child was laid there.

It was a bright afternoon in May, and the vicar stood on the gravel sweep before his house, scanning the sky anxiously. He turned to gaze successively at each quarter of the heavens, inhaled rather dubiously several large mouthfuls of the air, to satisfy himself whether it tasted salt, as it must if the wind blew from the sea, the rainy quarter at St. Fimbarrus; and then, with a brighter countenance, he re-entered the house.

"You may put on your things, Anna," he cried out cheerfully as he crossed the hall, "and tell Hugh to bring the pony round."

"Then I shall get my cross-stitch pattern, after all; and I can talk with Mrs. Hartle about the butter." So saying, Mrs. Venables, in a state of some excitement gathered up her shawl, her spectacles, and her knitting, on which she had been employed, in preparation for going up-stairs to made ready for the desired journey.

"You can talk to her about anything you please, my dear," said the vicar, rather, tersely, for he was in truth somewhat tired of hearing of his wife's difficulties with regard to the cross-stitch pattern and the butter.

"I shall talk to her about those two things, and nothing else," said the old lady with determination: "we shan't have more than enough time to settle them."

"Well, well, my dear, as long as you are satisfied," returned the vicar. "Will you be ready in ten minutes?"

"Not if you flurry me with calling to know how long I shall be. I have so many things to remember, and I can't tell what I've done with my my tablets. Belinda! Where is Belinda?—Oh, very well! I'm coming up-stairs, my love."

The vicar went out again into the sunshine. He had not taken many turns along the walk beneath the windows of the house, when a crunching sound of wheels on the gravel announced the arrival of the pony.

"How is he to-day, Hugh?" asked the vicar. "Pretty quiet?"

"Too much oats inside him, sir," said the man, touching his hat. "Oats goes to friskiness."

"I'm afraid you're right, Hugh," the vicar answered, observing how impatiently the pony was stamping on the gravel. "Poor Charles!" and he attempted to stroke the animal's nose—a compliment which Charles resented by first tossing his head, as if he wished to feel his master's fingers between his teeth, and then starting off at full racing speed in the direction of the chaise. Hugh, muttering blasphemies, made desperate efforts to catch "good Charles's head; while in the midst of the confusion, a window was thrown up and Mrs. Venables cried loudly: "Stop, stop! We're not nearly ready yet."

"I wish you'd make haste, my dear," returned the vicar; "this restive animal has nearly torn my arms out of the sockets."

"Nonsense! You must keep him quiet."

"That's more easily said than done; but we will try."

"It's very easy, I'm sure," returned the lady. "Men have no tact. I'll come down presently with an apple."

The vicar looked at Hugh and shook his head somewhat dubiously; he doubted the virture of the apple.

"If the missus would leave his feed to me, sir, he wouldn't be half so lively," remarked Hugh; "but when ladies will go and fill his box with a double portion of oats, so as he's a-eatin' all day, and never going out at all"——

"I know—I know," the vicar said hastily, "Ladies don't understand horse-flesh, Hugh."

"They don't," rejoined the man gruffly.

At this juncture, Mrs Venables sallied forth, accompanied by her niece Belinda, who carried several thick shawls and a heavy carriage rug.

"Shall we want all those wraps on such a bright day?" the vicar asked.

"Yes; indeed we shall. It will be very cold when the sun goes in;" and with that, Mrs. Venables took the wraps from her niece and stowed them carefully in the back seat. After satisfying herself that they were not likely to fall out, she went up to the pony's head. "Naughty Charles!" she said in a coaxing voice—"bad Charles, to startle your good mistress so, and pull your master's arms out of the sockets."

This affectionate adjuration apparently did not penetrate to Charles's heart, for he whisked his head about, at the imminent risk of striking his mistress in the face; and being somewhat elated at the result of his last manœuvre, he was steadily endeavouring to get on his hind-legs, with the apparent intention of dancing into the town.

"Better not touch him, ma'am," advised Hugh. "I'll hold him fast enough while you get in."

"He seems quite excited to-day," said Mrs. Venables, a little nervously. "I think you had better drive him, Theophilus."

"O yes, Uncle Theo," Miss Belinda interposed; "do drive him yourself—he seems so very wild."

"Stuff!" said the vicar. "If Charles is at all fresh, Hugh's is a much safer hand on the reins than mine.—Get in, my dear, or we shall not reach the town to-day."

But as Mrs. Venables placed her foot upon the step, Charles made a sudden start, which, though checked on the instant by a sharp tug at his head, was almost sufficient to throw the old lady down.

"Theophilus," she said, retreating two or three steps from the pony-carriage, and looking at her husband with a face full of apprehension, "this pony is not himself to-day, and I must insist on your driving."

"I know what's the matter with him, aunt," said Miss Belinda mysteriously "Some pixy's got into him. I've seen a cow go on just like that at milking-time, and they always know then that the pixies are about the farm."

The vicar turned round angrily. "How often am I to tell you, Belinda, that I won't have those silly tales repeated about my house! Is it possible for me, do you think, to expel superstition from the minds of the honest people over whom I am set, if one of my own family spreads it abroad?"

"Never mind, never mind," interposed Mrs. Venables. "Belinda didn't mean any harm. It's quite likely she may be right too; and that's another reason why you should drive Theophilus. I always feel so safe when you have the reins."

"It's not at all a well-grounded feeling, my dear," replied the vicar, "if you only knew it. You are vastly safer with Hugh.—But there; I give way.—Hugh, you must stay at home. Look out for us about half-past six."

"And, Belinda," called Mrs. Venables as the ponycarriage passed out on to the road, "have a little fire, and keep your uncle's slippers warm."

As soon as Charles emerged upon the high-road, the evil spirit came from him and he fell into a steady trot.

"There, you see, Theophilus; he is quite quiet now: I knew he would be with you."

The vicar could not repress a slight feeling of triumph as he contrasted the present demure conduct of the pony with his late obstreperous behaviour. "He certainly is," he answered. "I begin to think I must have some of the qualities of a professional whip."

Charles's conduct was indeed exemplary; and a steady uneventful drive of about an hour, all down hill, brought the vicar and his wife to the top of the steep descent about the town.

"There is Dr. Hartle!" exclaimed Mrs. Venables excitedly. "Don't you think he is growing very gray?"

"Not more so than he has been for the last ten years, my dear.—How are you, Hartle?"

The doctor, mounted on a stout brown cob, had ridden up alongside the vicar's carriage add was exchanging greetings. "Jane will be delighted to see you," said he. "She has been complaining for three days past that she sees no visitors now. You will stay and take tea with us?"

The vicar demurred to this proposal, and the point was not settled when they arrived at the door of the doctor's pretty dwelling.

"Jane!" cried the doctor, pushing open the door of his parlour: "Here is Mrs. Venables.—I am awfully glad you came in to-day, Venables; for I have just got a batch of music which I want to show you."

"I can't think," said the vicar, "why you go foraging among all this newfangled jingle, when you don't half know the works of the old men who really understood where noise begins and music ends."

"I declare," said the doctor energetically, "if a month passes without my seeing you, Venables, you retrograde in the most shocking way. Let me see—March, April. It is barely five weeks since we spent that delightful evening together where you really did begin to see what fine work had been turned out in the last thirty years."

"Yes, I know," the vicar admitted; "but when I came to think it over, I perceived that I was wrong."

"I quite expected it!" ejaculated Dr. Hartle. "I knew you would go back to your musty fugues and canons. Well, I shall have to convert you again, that's all. Here is a batch of songs by Liszt now. Read that over to yourself, and then I'll sing it."

"Liszt?" said Mr. Venables, taking the sheet of music. "He was a man of deplorable character."

The doctor muttered something beneath his breath, at which his friend looked up hastily; but he was wise enough not to repeat it.

"This is very strange and eccentric music, said the vicar, after carefully perusing the song; "and the harmonies seem against all rule. Here is the pedal actually used in a descending scale."

"My dear sir, how often must I tell you that the breach of formal rules never can condemn any music if the effect is good! Now, listen!" The doctor possessed a very sweet tenor, not powerful, but admirably trained, and he rendered the song extremely well.

"There's merit about that music," the vicar said; "but what a pity that a man of talent should allow himself such license."

This remark led to a long discussion. It was an old dispute, and every inch of the ground of battle was familiar to both the combatants. A vast array of authorities was marshalled: hosts of opinions, of every degree of weight, were adduced: volumes of reference were piled up on the table to a mountainous height; phrases without number were hummed, sung, played on the doctor's excellent piano, or even drummed out on the table. The afternoon wore away, and neither of of the disputants was in the least inclined to admit himself worsted, when the town clock chimed six, and the vicar, starting up, declared he had had no idea it was so late, and that he must not lose a moment in setting out on his homeward journey.

"I should be very sorry to be out after dark," he said. "The roads across the downs are very confusing in a bad light."

"Poor! You should know them well enough. There's an excellent light, too' till nearly eight o'clock now.—What, won't you be convinced? Then, I'll order round the pony. Where is Mrs. Venables?"

Where Mrs. Venables was, nobody seemed to know. The housemaid was certain she had heard the two ladies talking up-stairs not ten minutes before, while the cook was equally positive that she had seen them walking in the garden. It was quickly ascertained that they were not in either of these places now, and messengers were despatched in every direction in which it seemed likely they had gone. The pony had been at the door for twenty minutes, however, and Mr. Venables was in a fever of impatience to be gone, before his wife and Mrs. Hartle came strolling slowly down the street talking as leisurely as if nobody had been waiting for them.

The vicar was a man of temper; he forbore to reproach his wife, and merely pointed out to her that in a few minutes the town clock would sound half-past six, the hour at which they had arranged to be at home.

"Yes; I knew it would be so," said the old lady calmly; "we always are late when you begin to quarrel with Dr. Hartle about your crotchets and your quavers."

"My dear," rejoined the vicar, with just the smallest tinge of reproach in his voice, "if you had been ready when I was, we should have reached the top of Dumblely Hill by this time."

"You shan't throw the fault on me, Theophilus," said his wife firmly. "You were to blame, and you alone.—Now, listen to what Mrs. Hartle told me."

Mrs Hartle's news proved interesting enough to beguile the tedium of the weary climb up Dumblely Hill; and as Charles toiled slowly across the road from side to side of the steep ascent, neither his master nor his mistress observed that thick clouds had obscured the setting sun and that the air was growing dense and moist. It was only when, on reaching the hilltop, the vicar shook out the reigns and urged Charles forward, and he looked back and saw that the town was hidden from sight by wreaths of mist. The hedgerows, too, were beginning to look ghostly; little drifts of cloud were stealing along the hollows; and the vicar, as he glanced uneasily about him, could not conceal from himself the conviction that before they could reach the vicarage the fog must have surrounded them altogether.

"I wish we were at home," he said, cracking his whip; "or, at all events, over the next hill."

"Oh, I don't think much of this," replied Mrs. Venables cheerfully. "We have been out when it was much thicker. I haven't told you half my news yet.—Do you know, Robert Tomkins is going to emigrate! Think of that—with all those young children. I call it infamous!"

"If he can't get anything to do here?" suggested the vicar, glancing nervously ove his shoulder.

This remark led Mrs. Venables off into a tirade on the evils of emigration, which she regarded as a species of impiety, an unwarrantable interference with the decrees of providence, who knew much better where a man was likely to thrive than his own judgment could tell him. The good old lady was in the habit of enforcing this belief with copious extracts, not only from various pious writers, but also from her own experience, and in this rhetorical exercise she became so much engrossed that she observed nothing of the thickening of the mist to a solid wall around them, nor of the slackening of Charles's pace as his master's nervous hand now urged him forward, now checked him sharply with a momentary fear that he had lost the road.

"I don't know what to make of this," the vicar exclaimed at last; and, handing over the reins to his wife, he sprang out. "I can't tell what road we are in."

The fog had indeed become so dense that the borders of the road were not in sight; only a little space of a few feet immediately around the carriage was visible: all beyond was a uniform mass of cloud.

"Don't go out of sight, Theophilus," Mrs Venables entreated; "I shall be very frightened if you do."

"Nonsense!" replied the vicar, who was grooping about in the mist. "How am I to ascertain where we are unless I can find some landmark?"

"But you can do that in the carriage. If you will only get in, we can drive up to the edge of the road and see quite well. If you go out into the mist, you will never get back to me again."

The vicar returned with a dejected countenance and climbed his seat.

"I think I saw the great quoit which was overturned by the storm last February," he said; "but one looks so much like another in this light.—If only Hugh were with us!"

CHAPTER II.

Mr. and Mrs. Venables drove on for a little way in silence. It was growing cold, and a thick rime appeared on the vicar's beard and hair and on his wife's shawl. Doubtless, Charles's tail and mane were completely silvered with it; but for some time past the pony had been hidden from the sight of the driver.

"If that was the great quoit, we should be near the cross roads," said the vicar.—"Hark! what is that noise?"

They both listened intently, and distinguished a man's voice, calling as it seemed to some animals. Judging by the loudness of the sound, it was not distant from them.

"It is probably Collins driving home his goats," said the vicar. "I wish we could make him hear us. Hardly any weather baffles him; the downs are so familiar to these men who have been bred on them.—Halloa! Collins—hilliho!"

He shouted at the full power of his voice, and waited for an answer. An indistinct hallon came in reply, mingled with the barking of a dog; but the sound was evidently more distant than before, and in a moment it ceased altogether.

Mrs. Venables began to whimper. "I didn't think Collins would have left us like this!" she sobbed. "Cruel man! he may find us dead in the morning."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the vicar cheerfully; "we shall be at home presently.—Here we are at the cross-roads, I declare. Now, we have only to turn up here and we shall be at home presently. Put your other shawl about you, my dear.—There! Now you are quite comfortable again."

But, oddly enough, Charles declined to turn up the cross-road. He resisted stoutly every effort which his master made on the reins; and at last, by a strong tug of his muscular neck, he actually got his head round in the opposite direction, and trotted away at a sharp pace towards the quarter whence they had come.

"He's running away!" screamed the old lady. "Hold him in! Pull him up!"

"What the mischief is he up to now?" exclaimed the vicar. "I can't pull him up, my dear; his muscles are far stronger than mine."

They were indeed; the bull necked little beast had the power of ten ponies in his chest and loins, when he chose to put it forth; and a much stronger man than the vicar would scarcely have succeeded in holding him in, when his mind was bent so obstinately on running away as it was at this moment. He rattled along at a great pace; never had he been known to go so fast; stone hedges and granite quoits would doubtless have appeared to fly behind, had it been possible to see them.

"It is useless," said the vicar, laying down the reins in calm despair. "I have no power over him. After all, animals are often much wiser than men; he may know better than we where he is going."

Mrs. Venables cowered closely to her husband's arm. "I am afraid he will run up against something," she said, in a timid whisper.

"I don't think he will," rejoined the vicar; "he is a sensible beast on the whole."

It was not long before Charles came to a dead stop, so suddenly as to shake his master and mistress violently in their seats.

"Where are we now?" inquired the vicar, petulantly. "Get on, you brute!" And he flicked Charles sharply with his whip. But Charles refused to stir; he stood like a solid rock, and neither threats nor entreaties had the smallest effect on him. The whip was equally ineffective; and the vicar turned towards his wife with a mournful shrug of the shoulders.

"He knows he is in some dangerous place, Theophilus," said the old lady. "Oh, I am so terrified! I daresay he is standing on the brink of an old mine-shaft. Don't beat him any more; he may throw us down some awful pit."

"There's no knowing where he may have brought us, certainly," the vicar admitted; and with that relapsed into silence.

Presently, Charles began to give signs of a most uncomfortable restlessness. He stamped impatiently on the ground, whinnied loudly, and jerked himself more than once in the shafts in such a way as to suggest very disagreeable possibilities in the event of his being really on the brink of some precipice.

"I don't like this," said Mr. Venables. "I think I must unharness him; he will do some mischief, break the shafts, or upset us perhaps."

"Do be careful!" entreated his wife, seeing him preparing to dismount. "I wish you would not get out."

"Of course I shall be careful." The answer came in an irritable tone, for the vicar's temper was beginning to give way under these accumulated trials. His fingers were chilled, and the straps and buckles slippery with the rime; but he succeeded at last in freeing Charles, who gave a snort of relief, and instantly trotted away without, apparently, the smallest thought for the safety of his companions in misfortune. "Oh, he's gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Venables, whom this desertion by their dumb companion seemed to strike with additional dismay. "What on earth shall we do?"

"We had better shout, I suppose," said her husband, getting into his seat again; "there's a possibility, of course, that some one may hear us."

They shouted together; the old lady's thin piping contrasted oddly with her husband's stentorian bellows. There was no reply, save that when the noise of their voices ceased, there appeared to be a mournful murmuring in the air, but that was probably imagination. They waited a few minutes and then called again more loudly; and this time there was an extraordinary answer. A loud rattling rending sound broke the stillness, there was a sudden crash, and a sound of voices: a light flashed; something hard and metallic was flung to the ground at no great distance from them; and then, with a scuttering of feet, everything died away into silence again.

Mrs. Venables was too much frightened to speak; she clung closely to her husband's arm; and he himself was too much disconcerted for a moment to venture on speech.

"As to what that may have been, I can't venture a guess," he said. "It seems likely that we shall be here for some time, however. You had better put on all the wraps we can find."

He rummaged about under the seat, and found a heavy carriage rug, which, when drawn up over them, promised to protect them very fairly from the cold.

"Come, it might be worse," said the parson. "I don't remember spending a night out of doors before: it will be a new experience.—Are you warm, my dear?"

Mrs. Venables was very warm; in fact, she was clothed in so many shawls that nothing short of Arctic frost could have reached her. She was in fact comfortable enough; and as everything around was now profoundly quiet, she soon began to yield to the drowsiness induced by the excitement of the last hour. The parson made her as comfortable as he could, and sat thoughtfully considering their position. Reflection brought out no new facts. Nor did it offer any better solution of the existing difficulty, than that they should sit still until something happened—for instance, until the day broke; though the unpleasant thought suggested itself that even then, unless the fog had lifted, their position would not be improved.

The situation was disagreeable enough; but the parson, who was not devoid of philosophy, was beginning to nod over it, while Mrs. Venables was snoring loudly, when a step was heard by the side of the wheel, a light was flashed into the vicar's eyes, and a rough voice exclaimed: "Why, master, what be'ee sitting here for?"

"It's Hugh!" cried Mrs. Venables, joyfully awaking in an instant from her slumber. "O dear Hugh! how did you find us?"

"Ay, Hugh, where are we?" the vicar broke in. "Did you come out to look for us? What a good fellow you are! Are you sure you know the way back?"

"Way back!" repeated Hugh contemptuously. "Back where?"

"Where? Why, home!—to the vicarage, to be sure! Where else could we want to go at this time of night?"

"And where do 'ee think you be, then?" asked Hugh, still more contemptuously than before.

"Now do, like a good fellow, ask no more questions," said the vicar, getting down from his seat; "but show us the way back, unless it is too far to walk."

"Well, I never knew the like of this!" said Hugh; and with that he laid his hand on his master's shoulder and guided him a few paces in advance of where the shafts of the pony-carriage touched the ground. "There!" he said gruffly, "what be that?"

"That's a wall, it seems," said the vicar, considerably mystified.

"Ay," said the man; "and what be that?"

"A gate, as I live!" shouted the vicar—"my own gate, the vicarage gate.—Anna, we are at home!"

"Do you mean to tell me, Theophilus," said the old lady in a tremulous voice, "that I have been sitting screaming myself hoarse, and catching my death of cold at my own gate all the time?"

"I am afraid you have, my dear.—Ho, ho! what a joke this is!—You mustn't tell Hartle, Anna.—Let me help you out."

"I can get out very well by myself," said Mrs. Venables testily; "and as for helping me, you might have thought of that an hour ago, and saved me from this ridiculous position."

"My dear," said the vicar, rather dismayed at the suddenness of this attack, "I did all I could."

"Oh, I don't know," his wife answered impatiently. "We shall be the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood.—And what has become of Charles, I should like to know?"

"Yes, Hugh, what has become of Charles?" repeated the vicar, relieved to have the opportunity of changing the subject.

"In the paddock," replied Hugh. "Came in forty-five minutes agone—so the boy says; and he'd have told me at once, if he hadn't had a fool's head atop of his shoulders."

"So! No wonder the poor beast was restive!" commented the parson. "I shouldn't have sat so quietly myself, if I had known my supper was within fifty yards of me."

As they stood on the doorstep waiting for an answer to their summons, Mrs. Venables whispered to her husband: "We needn't tell Belinda." The parson nodded, and at that moment the door was opened by a trim maidservant, and Miss Belinda came running out into the hall.

"Oh, Uncle Theophilus!" she cried—"oh Aunt Anna, I have been so frightened!"

"Frightened, you silly child—what at?" asked Mrs. Venables.

"There were such horrid shrieks at the garden gate," said Miss Belinda; "you never heard such howls and bellowings."

"Some one of the farmers going home from the inn," said the parson. "What is there so terrible in that?"

"O no!" said his niece. "They were not human voices—they were much too harsh; they were screaming of fiends."

The vicar looked at his wife as if to satisfy himself what she thought of this plain speaking about her vocal powers.

"Stuff and nonsense, Belinda!" said the old lady angrily. "I can't listen to such trash. How could there have been any fiends at the gate of the vicarage?"

"Oh, but there were," Miss Belinda persisted; "for Jane said she would go out and see what it was, though I advised her not; and she went as far as the gate with a lantern; and there she saw a hearse with plumes on it, and she was so frightened that she dropped the lantern and ran" back, and we barred the door and bolted it.

"Now, don't let us have any more o this," said the vicar decisively. "Your head is too full of these things, Belinda; and Jane is as foolish as you are. Let us have our supper, and pray, oblige me by forgetting this nonsense."

And the truth about Parson Venables' adventure is now for the first time made generally known.

[THE END.]

All Like Her.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say: "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now, the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of a girl she is.

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who is sweet and womanly to look at and listen to, and who doesn't strike you as a poor imitation of a demimondaine.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by and by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore, you like her?—[Boston Globe.

Chivalrous Devotion.

At the most extensive aquarium in England, the Brighton Zoo, the female lobster recently cast her shell. She screwed herself up together on the toes and tail, and suddenly bent her body. Snap went the shell in its centre, and the case of the back came away in one piece. The claws were her next care, and she worked away at them for a long time.

It was a proceeding of extreme delicacy, considering that all the flesh of the great claw had to be passed through the small base. During the operation one claw came off altogether, and this must have seemed to the lobster lady a serious misfortune, as it will not grow to its full size again until the second year. The tail and legs gave very little trouble, and the body, when thus undressed, proved to be of a pale blue.

The shell-casting over, the lobster sank on the sand, and this action seemed a signal for the attack of every creature in the tank.

The defenceless victim bade fair to succumb to the fury of her enemies, when the male lobster suddenly came to the rescue. Standover his shell-less better half, he fought her assailants relentlessly. Day and night did he watch over her, until her shell was sufficiently hardened to protect her in fighting her own battles.

When this happy moment arrived, he deliberately picked up the old claw, broke it in his nippers, and ate the meat. He then dug a hole in the sand, placed in it the broken bits of shell, buried them, and piled a number of small stones above the grave.

Among the many noble ladies of England who have "gone into trade" may be numbered Mrs. Arthur Wellesley, a grandniece of the Iron Duke. Mrs. Wellesley and Mrs. Heskoth Smith have opened a fashionable flower shop in Grosvenor Street, London. The bouquets that come from this establishment are said to be especially artistic.

The Princess of Wales will be represented among the exhibitors in Vienna this month at the International Exhibition of Amateur Photographers to be held there under the patronage of the Archduchess Maria Theresa. There will be numerous other royal contributors to the collection, among them the Archduchess Maria Theresa herself and the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany.

What Baby Thinks.

BY KATE THORN.

Somebody wants to know what the baby thinking of?

And we, too, would like to know.

It is a subject on which considerable conjecture may be indulged, but to get at the truth of the matter might be somewhat difficult. And we should not, probably, recognize the truth when we found it.

A baby of the genuine, orthodox style—hairless, colorless, shapeless as to body, with a head round as a bullet, a forehead as puckered and wrinkled as his grandmother's, and two little blinking eyes set far back in a mass of putty-colored layers of fat—is not to our mind a very attractive spectacle to contemplate, though we are well aware that every worshiping mother of a baby will hate us most devoutly in consequence of our opinion.

A big apple-dumpling, with two huckleberries judiciously set therein, might sit for almost any small baby's photograph, with good hope of success.

The baby's sole idea, if one may be allowed to judge from his actions, is how best to get both his fists into his mouth at once; and after that comes the problem of how he can best turn his heels over his head without getting off his back to accomplish the feat. And when he finds he cannot do either of these things to his satisfaction, he gets mad and cries, and his loving mother is terrified for fear cholera infantum is coming on, and she gives him a dose of soothing syrup, and sends for a doctor.

No doubt a baby has some notions of his own, if he were only given the faculty of speech to express them.

The world to him smells of flannel and sour milk. We wonder if his very soul does not breathe paregoric.

And if he would not like to rid the universe of that vile abomination which has so many times been employed to ransack his infantile stomach, and which is designed by the label—CASTOR OIL?

Does he like being caught suddenly, and tossed up to the ceiling, and turned upside down, and downside up, in the reckless way people have of handling babies? Does he relish snappy kisses from fond old aunts and uncles who eat onions to kill the taint of whiskey and tobacco, or *vice versa*, we do not know which?

What does he think when a pin sticks in him, and he yells with agony, and his mother takes him on her knee, and trots him, and tells the nurse she is afraid the "little precious" is going to have that "dreadful, nasty colic" again? And then comes the castor oil bottle?

Is it happiness for the baby to be swathed in flannel, and smothered in pillows, in a furnace-heated room where the mercury is higher than it has any legitimate right to be on the First of July?

Does he like to have his feet produced from their wrappings and shown to admiring visitors as the "prettiest 'ittle footsies tootsies" in the world? Does he like to have his toes felt and squeezed? Does he like to have fingers thrust in his mouth to make him show his new teeth?

Don't you suppose he wishes the man that invented soothing syrup could be hung?

Why does he like to pull hair? Why does he contemplate his toes by the hour, and break into spasms of shrieking if anybody crosses the fascinating objects?

How does he like his mother to churn him up and down on her knee after he is fed, and then put him in the cradle and rock him till his wretched little head bounces from side to side, and the world turns round before his dizzy vision, and, weary with trying to keep pace with it, he falls asleep at last?

We were all babies ourselves once, but we are none the wiser for it; and it seems quite likely that time will go on, and we shall none of us know what the baby thinks.

An English statistician estimates the world's indebtedness at $150,000,000,000.

Grant Allen, the English novelist, is a fair-haired, thin-made, intellectual-looking man of forty-five or so, with light blue eyes, and iron gray hair of a wavy texture. He was born in Canada, but has resided in England so many years that he calls himself an Englishman. He keeps a note book, and is quite an adept as a shorthand writer. Whenever and wherever an idea strikes him, he pulls out pencil and notebook and crystallizes it then and there. Very often he has two or more novels or stories underway at the same time. When he tires of one he takes up another, as the mood seizes him, and seldom fails to make a success of anything towards which he seriously bends his energies.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

In connection with the celebration of the seventy second birthday of Queen Victoria, the Chicago *Times* has the following article on the events and incidents of her reign :—

To-day Victoria Alexandrina, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, empress of India, upon whose dominions the sun never sets, closes the seventy-second chapter of her life.

Seventy-two years laden with events such as come to but few, even of those marked for high destiny, have passed since "Little Drina," as she was then called, opened her gentian-blue eyes to the chesnut blooms at Kensington, May 24, 1819. She was the daughter of the duke of Kent and the Princess Victoria Marie Louise of Saxe-Coburg Saalfield, widow of Prince Charles of Leiningen.

The father, Edward, duke of Kent, was the fourth and the best son of George III. He had not been a favorite child, so was unspoiled by indulgence. His leanings were liberal, his tastes continental rather than English, and these traits made him so distinctly unpopular that he was cut off with a niggardly allowance, lived poor and died poor.

So it was not into a home of luxury that the future queen of England was born. Nor was it at all assured that she would reach the throne, since the children of the duke of Clarence, an elder brother of the duke of Kent, stood between the throne and her.

It is cold to think of Victoria, now one of the richest sovereigns in the world, once having been scrimped in the matter of gowns, and having to wear cheap cotton dresses and dowdy hats. But it was so, and the little German princess throve and was contented, was taught to respect both her own constitution and that of the British government, and to honor both the laws of God and health.

These wholesome days of plain diet and much exercise did their duty well, in that at the age of 72 the queen sits upon her throne hale, self-collected, and in health that a woman half her age might envy.

The whole of such an illustrious life is full of interest, for the most democratic of Americans has an intuitive reverence for that "divinity which doth hedge a king." It is pleasant to note the illustrious lady in her studious girlhood, to read of the gray morning when the solemn words "the king is dead" sounded through old Windsor, to be followed as an echo by "Long live the queen," when the royal ministers hurried as fast as post-horses could carry them—there were no cable-cars or swift railway trains then—to Kensington palace, that red brick, Dutch looking home of the Princess Victoria. Here they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could arouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard; then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed to have been forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing to inquire the cause the attendant was summoned, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not disturb her. Then they said: "We are come on business of state to the *Queen* and even her sleep must give way to that." It did. It is quite funny to think of these dignitaries cooling their illustrious heels in a chill parlor because an 18-year-old girl was enjoying her morning nap. And it is queerer yet to think of the flurry that their final words caused, since the poor young queen waited not to dress, but ran down to the gentlemen in her loose, white nightgown, a shawl over her shoulders, her bare feet in slippers, her nightcap thrown off (young ladies wore nightcaps in those days, with cute little frills on 'em), and all her pretty brown hair tumbling down her back. There was haste at last. It is said that she received the news of her uncle's death and her accession to the throne with a burst of tears. Upon this a poet wrote a famous poem beginning: "She wept, she wept to wear a crown." It is also said that her first queenly words to the primate were "I beg your grace to pray for me," which the archbishop did, then and there. The situation was a key to the queen's later life, womanly, tender, and intensely religious.

Great things followed the proclamation and the coronation. But none of these so interesting to Americans as the simple story of her love, courtship, and marriage. The affection between herself and her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, dated from childhood, but he was only a German princeling and she was the queen of all England.

Love is much the same in palace and cottage, and love was as real and tangible a thing to the royal lovers as ever to the poorest American couple. But Albert, alack-a-day! dared not to speak of his love for her, since she, being the superior in rank, needs must take the initiative. So there was nothing left for the queen to do but to propose. Like the brave little woman she is, she accepted the situation, sent for the prince, and offered him her heart and hand, telling him in a pitiable, womanly way that he would make her so happy if he could only make the sacrifice of becoming her husband.

The marriage which followed was so happy that it would almost seem to be an honorable precedent for feminine proposals, a proposal which there is no doubt was made with dignity and was "pure womanly" if unusual.

There was no honeymoon withdrawal, for a queen has many duties, and one day's complete seclusion at Windsor was all that was granted, but they managed to be very happy all the same, as the queen's letters and journal show. They led a methodical, clam, domestic life as much as consistent with state duties. They had their trials; discontent and disturbances in the country, difficulties in Canada, India, and China, and even one or two attempts to assassinate the sovereign. Still, the queen's humor never changed, and she wrote in a letter of that date: "We all have our trials and vexations, but if one's home is happy then the rest is comparatively nothing."

Could anything be more womanly?

Feb. 10, 1840 was the date of the queen's marriage, and November of the same year saw her the mother of the Princess Royal. Prince Albert feared that there might be some disappointment among the people at the sex of the child, but the queen laughingly assured him, saying: Never mind, the next shall be a boy." Right gallantly she kept her word, for in less than a year Albert Edward, prince of Wales, came into the world, and after that a royal prince or princess seemed to be the queen's rule, in despite of which she succeeded in fulfilling all the duties of her high station. The children were anxiously and carefully reared, the court purified and uplifted, and the national interests looked after to the utmost.

But even loyalty must bow when the despotic king—Death—bends his scepter Albert the Good, as he had come to be called, passed, in 1861, from the honors o prince consort into the great beyond. The queen had now to learn the lesson of bereavement as humbly as her poorest subject, and the splendors of state, of pomp, and circumstance had not fitted her for the heavy task. "There is no one to call me Victoria now," was her piteous wail, and never has she regained her happy self, never been in widowhood the accessible sovereign of her wifehood. Slowly she has aroused herself to perform her duties, but all state ceremonials and splendors she has put by and still continues to shrink from. Her mourning robes have never been laid off, and in her heart there is one image—that of her beloved prince, whom even the queen of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and empress of India could not retain to gladden her own life a single moment longer. Her life is almost a private one, but the pure influence is felt throughout England even as a perfume penetrates through closed doors. The Victorian age has been brilliant in great men and will rank in history as the most prominent era in England. "Little Queen Vic" is very dear to her loyal subjects, and to-day in every church in England and the broad colonies the reverberating anthem will be sung:

God save our gracious queen
Long live our noble queen,
God save the queen!

In Canada, so close to us that there is scarcely difference in looks, manner, and customs, bonfires will be lighted and rockets will ascend. It is the queen's birthday, the great national holiday (which must this year be kept a day late), a day next to Christmas in importance and in the holiness of its associations. Let the cannon on top of Parliament hill boom seventy-two times and every bell will ring forth "God save the queen!"

Lean men make the best thermometers. Fahrenheit never invented better ones. If the weather is warm and sunny, they are cheerful. If cold and frosty, they are irritable and snappy. If damp and cloudy, they are downcast and gloomy. But if either lean or fat men are suffering from biliousness, headache, constipation, or indigestion, the weather will always be damp and cloudy in their locality, unless they use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These Pellets are small, sugar-coated gannles, calculated to start the liver and digestive organs into healthy activity, and thereby raise low spirits, and dispel gloom.

Good Stories by Ticket Punchers.

"Five years ago," said Mr. L. V. Huntman, a conductor on the Illinois Central, "we never saw or heard of such a thing as a woman tramp, but lately, within the past two years, the percentage of females among tramps has been steadily increasing, and now we meet with one almost every month. They are not as daring as the men in jumping on or off trains, but we find them hanging all over a freight car, on the trucks, or clinging to the truss rods by hands and feet like the sloth; in fact, in a good many dangerous places that a male tramp would never think of getting in. I suppose this increase in women tramps may attributed to the way they are occupying all the positions formerly held by men alone, and they don't propose to let even the tramp's profession go by without entering its ranks."

"I have been on the B. and O. in the capacity of engineer and conductor for 26 years," said G. H. Bailey or Parkersburg, W. Va., "and as you see I have not a scratch to show for it. Every engineer running on the road believes more or less in dreams and peculiar signs. I had an engineer under me that would never go out when warned in a dream that there was danger ahead. Of the dozen or more times that he stopped at home only one accident occurred, and that was trivial. I prevailed upon him to give up this superstitious belief, and on the third night out, after he had been warned in three dreams, we met with an awful catastrophe, in which several persons were killed and many wounded. The engineer was among those killed, and I have never forgiven myself, nor will I until I die persuade another man from any belief."

"One stormy night in October, three years ago," said J. R. Beesling, "I was in mortal fear that the bridges, of which there are a good many on that branch, would be washed away by the swollen rivers. Fortunately we passed nearly all of them safely but just as we drew near the last bridge I happened to be crossing from one car to another and noticed a strange, weird-looking blue light dancing up and down in front of the train. I don't know what possessed me to do it, but I rang the bell and brought the train to a stop. The engineer, brakeman and I then set out to discover the cause of the light, but it had entirely disappeared and not a trace of it was left. We went down the track as far as the bridge, and found that it had been completely washed away by the stream, which was swollen, only a few timbers remaining to bear evidence that a bridge had once spanned the stream. We were kept there for over two days, until another bridge could be built: and although the other trainmen laughed at me for it, I earnestly believe that that spectral blue light was placed by a Divine Providence to save us from an awful fate."

"Bridal couples give me more trouble than spotters, drunks, or the other things which the general public think make a conductor's life miserable," said E. E Suydam, now yardmaster on the D., L. and W. Railroad at Elmira, N. Y. "I have been a conductor and I say to you, never make a bridal trip on the cars if you can help it. You cannot conceal the fact. The more you try, the less you succeed. It is a laughable sight to see a man with his arm around a girl on a train, but they do it. A man's arm seems to creep naturally in that direction. When you ask for their tickets both of them look at you as if you were an intruder Then, as a rule, they never know where their tickets are. He thinks she has them, and she knows that she saw him put them away, but she can not tell where. When they do find them, they usually drop them on the floor as they hand them to you. Confusion ensues. No matter how often they have tried matrimony before, they are a 'mark' as soon as they get on a train. I was married before I went to railroading and I never expect to have to go through the ordeal again but if I do, I'll take to the woods for my trip."

The Canadian Pacific was represented by, among others, H. A. Washburn, one of the youngest and most neatly attired "punchers" in the assemblage. He wore a very peculiar watch chain, made from part of the horns of a moose, to which is attached this story: About two years ago the train in charge of Mr. Washburn pulled up near North Bay to kill a few minutes' time. About the time the train started a large moose was discovered standing near the track about 150 yards away. At the approach of the train the animal became frantic, and when the engineer blew the whistle, instead of running away, it made a dash for the engine head downward. It was too late then to stop the train, and the engineer fearing that an accident might happen to the train put on a full head of steam. The engine struck the moose and lifted it about thirty feet in the air, and it dropped on the hind platform of the second coach, breaking glass and causing quite a commotion. Neither the blow nor the fall killed the animal, and while struggling to free itself it fell between the cars. The horns were torn from the scalp, and, after the excitement subsided and the passengers were pacified Washburn got the horns and has them now in his room.

"When I was running a freight train on the 'Nypano,' several years ago," said John Fulkerson of the Pennsylvannia line, "I used to have a good deal of trouble at a little station up in northeast Ohio. I always expected to get out of that place behind time, no matter what time I got in there, if I struck the town during the night, for it always took the crew half an hour or more to get the whole train out of the place. The trouble was caused by a number of boys who made a practice of pulling as many coupling pins as possible while the train was standing. Of course when the engine pulled out, only the cars which were coupled to it would follow. Then the engine would back up and all the pins be put in place. While the breakmen were doing this the boys would pull some more further ahead, and so they kept us starting and backing up again sometimes for a whole hour. One night the engineer concluded to try an experiment on the rascals. He pushed the train slowly back a few feet, so as to slacken all the couplings, and then suddenly threw the lever wide open. The train was a light one and leaped forward like a deer. One of the boys had just pulled a pin and grabbed the brake od to jump from between the cars when the train started. He was thrown nearly 100 feet, and one leg and one arm were broken, but it stopped pulling pins at that station. The father of the boys had had a claim against the company, which was rejected, and this was his method of getting even."

Moonshiners give us some lively tunes on our runs," said B. N. Roller, a passenger conductor on the L. and N., whose home is at Louisville, Ky. "I am on what is known as the Knoxville branch, from Louisville to Knoxville, and the amount of white whiskey that is consumed on that run sometimes is quite astonishing. The worst station for catching this class of passengers is Pineville, although they are to be found at Barbersville and other points. I have often seen half a car load of these people from the country districts, and all of them drunk and noisy. Women in the party? Why, yes, and just as full as the rest, and in the end sicker and more sorry than any one. Understand me, this is not the general rule, nor is it the case with anything like a large percentage of the passengers. But these moonshiners do ride and they do drink as they ride. All of them drink—young women and old. Their tipple is the white whiskey they make themselves. It has never been watered. I have never tried it, but I think that one drink is about equal to four of the kind served over a city bar. No, we don't have much trouble with them. We generally manage to get them into the smoker. All the men are usually armed. You will meet a man who has not a dollar's worth of clothes on him down from the mountains. His hat he has worn for perhaps a dozen years. But he is sure to have a late make of revolver, the latest he can get. That is his pride. He does not care about collars and vest and the cut of his trousers, but his 'gun' must be of the latest make, and the leader of moonshine society is the man who has the newest and latest improved shooting affray on the train. They quarrel among themselves, but they usually fix it up by taking another swig. I let them alone, and they do the same to me. The situation sometimes looks dangerous but 'trouble,' as they call murderous affrays "is very rare on our trains."

The Russian Bacon Company, with a capital of £150,000, has been formed in London to work for 21 years on a concession grant by Russia to an English syndicate of the government curing factory at Griaza. It is stated that freight to England will be 1d. per cwt. cheaper than the rate from Chicago.

The unobstructed nostril should be closed with the finger, and the patient made to force the breath out through the nose with as much force as possible, keeping the mouth tightly closed. In order to prevent injury to the ear, it is a good plan to make firm pressure upon the openings of both ears during the expulsory effort. If this method is not efficient, it may be supplemented by the use of the rubber bag such as is used by specialists in treating the ears, and known as Politzer's bag. The nozzle of this is placed in the unobstructed nostril, which is tightly fixed to the nostril, then as the patient makes an expulsory effort, strong compression is made upon the bag at the same time. Any substance which can be removed without surgical aid, can be dislodged by this method.

LINGERIE AND COIFFURE.

In Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of Figs. 114-116 are shown the newest of the lately introduced coiffures.

In the first the Catogan is arranged in a very elaborate and stylish effect, showing, above the deep loops always qualified by the above-given name, an adjustment of small curls below a second and high-set looping held by a comb ornamented with balls, the front hair being adjusted in a rich effect of curls also.

In the second the hair is raised in a large torsade, is waved at the sides and curled on the brow.

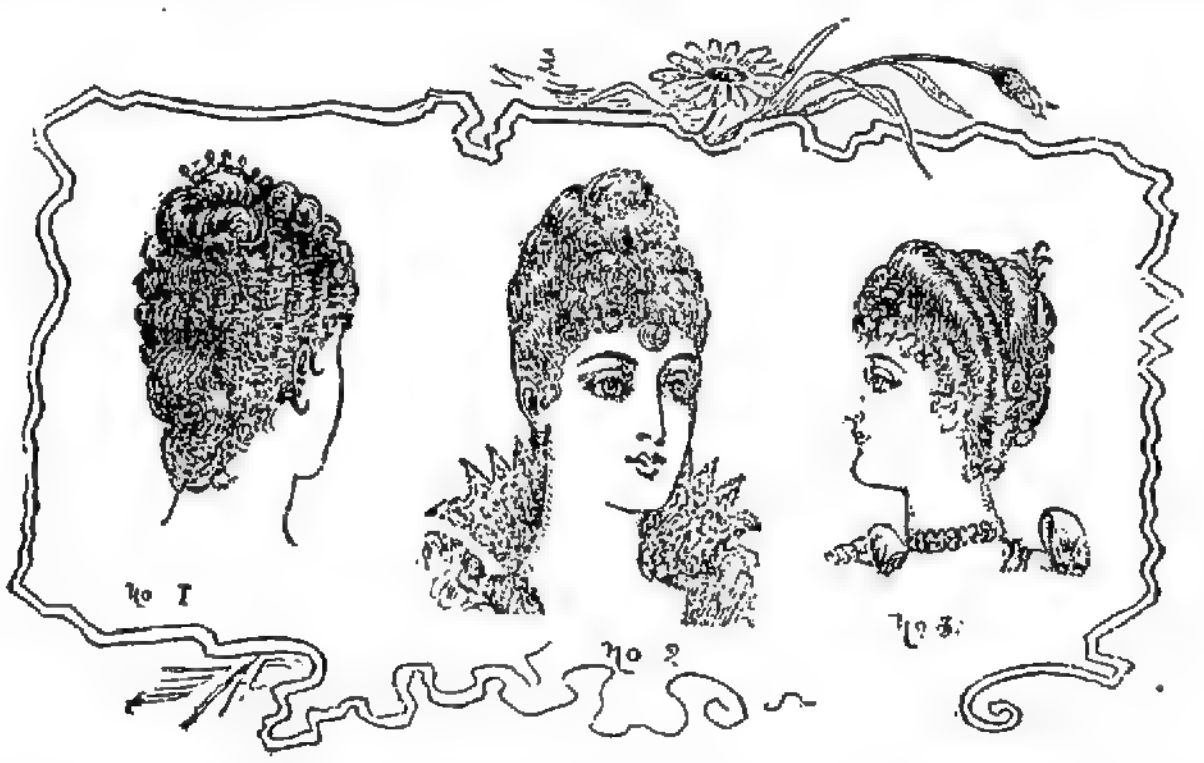
In the third of the numbers given the hair is carried back, beyond a slight frizzing, and has a roll beneath it, a second roll being used at the back. This style is well adapted to ladies whose hair is not very thick or long.

No. 1 of Figs. 111-113 shows a plastron of silk muslin worked on the edge, and has above it a Pierrot collar of a novel effect.

No. 3 gives a very elegant fichu imitating the Pierrot collar, now so fashionable, in its top and merging into a very rich jabot effect below this top. The material is crinkled muslin.

The handsome and novel petticoat seen in No. 2 is one of the newest examples of elegant underwear, and is of satin surah with a coulisse top, below which are tucks, a large bow holding the fullness down in a line level with the knees. A double flounce of lace, headed by a double puffing, garnishes the lower portion of this stylish petticoat.

Such petticoats as are here shown in this example will be fashionably worn this season beneath dresses of sheer piece-lace, and are intended to be seen under them, as is obvious from the character of the trimming. In some of the dresses ordered to be worn



with these skirts, the piece-lace is divided on the front or slanted across from right to left, or left to right, in a manner which raises the dress from the edge of the hem in a slight festooning.

The petticoats are of pale blue, pink, lilac, heliotrope, Nile-green, or white satin surah. The ribbon matches, and is often in gauze, or a bow of lace is used instead.

The newest corset-covers show the neck round, rather high and trimmed with insertion and lace, with a narrow ribbon run in, the sleeve being a mere row of insertion and lace, with similar ribbon. Some are of batiste, others of wash silk.

NOVEL NIGHT-GOWNS.

Night-gowns have the top in fine tucks above a fulness beginning below the bust, and a deep Pierrot collar. Below this collar is a double ruffle, and the hands are quite covered by the wide ruffles displayed below rows of narrow tucks. Cambric and nainsook, as well as batiste, are the materials for these dressy articles of fine lingerie.

Patterns.

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

Owner of house—"When was that window-pane broken!" Tenant—"Lasht Shatterday, sor."

Live Economically,

One of the subjects talked and written about a good deal at the present time is how to live cheaply. Prices of all the great staples of life are high. Rents are enormous. Fashions are exacting. Wants multiply while resources diminish. How to make strap and buckle meet is the problem which presses on hundreds of housekeepers. It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation. How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with a cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Put convenience in the place of fashion. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence and inexpensiveness, which others will be glad to follow, and thank you for introducing. Teach yourself to do without a thousand and one pretty and showy things which wealthy people purchase, and pride yourself on being just as happy without them as your rich neighbors are with them. Put so much dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue, and love into your simple and inexpensive home that its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornments, and be happier in the cosey and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments. It does not follow that in order to live cheaply one must live meanly. The best comforts of life are not costly. Taste, refinement, good cheer, wit, and even elegance, are not expensive. There is no trouble about young people marrying with no outfit but health and love and an honest purpose, provided they will practice the thrift and prudence to which their grandparents owed all their success, and make their thought and love supply what they lack in the means of display. Those who begin life at the top of the ladder generally tumble off, while those who begin at the foot acquire steadiness, courage and strength of arm and will as they rise.—*Anon*

Learning to Walk.

People sometimes ask: At what age can we seat a child in a chair; when put him on his legs; how old must he be before we teach him to walk? The answers are easy. He must not be made to sit till he has spontaneously sat up in his bed and has been able to hold his seat. This sometimes happens in the sixth or seventh month, sometimes later. The sitting position is not without danger, even when he takes it himself; imposed prematurely upon him, it tires the backbone, and may interfere with the growth, so the child should never be taught to stand or to walk. That is his affair, not ours. Place him on a carpet in a healthy room, or in the open air, and let him play in freedom, roll, try to go ahead on his hands and feet, or go backward, which he will do more successfully at first; it all gradually strengthens and hardens him. Some day he will manage to get upon his knees, another day to go forward upon them, and then to raise himself up against the chairs. He thus learns to do all that he can, as fast as he can, and no more.

But, they say, he will be longer in learning to walk if he is left to go on his knees or his hands and feet indefinitely. What difference does it make if, exploring the world in this way, he becomes acquainted with things, learns to estimate distances, strengthens his legs and back, prepares himself, in short, to walk better when he gets to walking? The important thing is, not whether he walks now or then, but that he learn to guide himself, and to have confidence in himself. I hold, without exaggeration, that education of the character is going on at the same time with training in locomotion, and that the way one learns to walk is not without moral importance.

Practical Suggestions and Recipes.

Occasionally use a couple of drops of camphor on the tooth brush.

Warm dishes for the table by immersing them in hot water, not by standing them on a hot stove.

Washing floors and shelves with strong pepper tea, or hot alum or borax water, will destroy ants and roaches.

Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia in water; lay soft white paper over and iron with a hot iron.

Add two tablespoonfuls of kerosene to the pail of water with which you wash grained or other varnished furniture.

If soot be dropped upon the carpet throw upon it an equal quantity of salt and sweep all up together. There will be scarcely a trace of soot left.

Use great care in serving food for the table, as the smallest spatter of grease or gravy changes the appearance and spoils an otherwise pretty dish.

EGGLESS CAKE.—1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter 1 cup milk, 4 cups flour, 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder. Flavor to taste. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, then add milk and flour with the baking powder, and beat until the mixture is very smooth. Bake in a loaf or in layers. If the latter, use the following filling: 1 pint milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon flour. Boil the milk; mix other ingredients and stir into boiling milk. Stir till it thickens, flavor to taste, and spread it on cake when both are cool.

JELLY CAKE.—2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, ½ cup butter, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Flavor to taste, and bake in layers.

LAYER CREAM CAKE.—Whites of 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup sweet milk. Cream for filling: 1 cup sweet milk, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, yolks of two eggs. Wet the cornstarch with milk, add to it the yolks of the eggs. Scald the milk, add eggs and starch, and when it is nearly at the boiling point add flavoring.

CREAM COOKIES.—1 cup sour cream, 2 cups sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda. Use flour enough to mix quite a stiff dough, and bake in a hot oven.

PLAIN CAKE.—Whites of three eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup butter, ½ cup sweet milk, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

APPLE FRITTERS.—One cupful of sweet milk, a little salt, two eggs, one teaspoonful, of baking powder, and flour to make a batter thick enough to drop nicely from a spoon; chop two apples fine and mix with the batter. Fry in hot lard. Serve with powdered sugar or syrup.

TO CAN CORN.—Use glass cans. Cut the corn from the cob, press it into the cans with a potato masher till the milk flows over. Put on the tops, screw down tight. Place them in a boiler with sticks on the bottom, pour in cold water enough to about two-thirds cover them. Boil five hours. When about half cooked remove a can at a time, tighten the top and replace. This is the best recipe we have ever used for canning corn.

POTATO BISCUIT.—Make biscuit in the way you prefer, with buttermilk and soda, cream tartar and soda, or baking powder, or without any of these, which is decidedly best, if thoroughly beaten, and add one large cupful mashed potatoes (sweet or Irish), seasoned with butter, to each quart of flour. Mix well in the flour before putting in other ingredients, roll and cut, bake in a quick oven, and be sure to eat hot. Split with a fork, and spread with sweet butter as you eat them, and they will almost melt in your mouth, if properly made.

BEEF SALAD.—Cut fine, cold boiled beef and to each pint add a tablespoonful of chipped onion, a teaspoonful of celery seed (or two sticks of celery, cut fine), one hard boiled egg cut up, a handful of light bread, broken small, with skimmings from the pot in which the beef was boiled and enough of the liquor to make it soft—a cupful of beef gravy will do as well, or a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, with a half cupful of hot water. Add two or three cold potatoes, sliced fine, and, after mixing all thoroughly, put in a deep pan and bake fifteen minutes; serve hot with cold slaw.

PLANKED FISH.—Shad, flounders, sunfish, or any other "flat" fish may be planked. Cut off the head and tail, split open the back, but do not cut clean through the belly, leaving the fish so that it may be opened wide like a book and tacked on a plank or piece of bark. Tack some thin slices of bacon or pork to the end of the fish that will be uppermost when before the fire, and, if you like, a few slices of raw onions sprinkled with pepper and salt. Sharpen one end of the plank, and drive it into the ground before a bed of hot coals. Catch the drippings in a tin cup or spoon, and baste the fish continually, till you can't wait another instant to eat it.—[Canoe and Camp Cookery.

Winter in Newfoundland.

The isolation of life in the distant parts of Newfoundland during winter is extreme. Outside the peninsula of Avalon there are hardly any roads, and, even if they existed, snow and ice would render them impassable. Out to sea stretches a vast icy pavement, through which it is often impossible for even a steamer to ruin its way. So all the long winter months the little hamlets lie surrounded by the great snow blanket, and cut off from communication from all mankind save those who inhabit their little settlement. Should the store of provisions run low, the situation is perilous, for there is no possibility of getting supplies unless a "lead" opens in the ice and allows a steamer to get along the coast; or, if she be not ice-bound at too great a distance, perhaps some of the men go out over the frozen sea to meet the vessel, and carry home food to their families. Should the ship fail to come, the people are sometimes driven to eat their dogs, of which several are usually kept in order to draw home wood from the forest on sleds. So great is the difficulty of communications during winter that a clergyman relates that on one occasion, as near to the capital as Trinity Bay, forty shillings had been demanded, and twenty-five were actually paid, for the conveyance of a single letter overland to the city by a cross-country guide. While the coast is ice-bound the direct steamers from England do not touch at Newfoundland, but the mails are brought up from Halifax in a small wooden steamer, expressly built for facing the ice; but even this vessel cannot always manage to get in, and mails have to be carried ashore seven or eight miles over the ice on men's backs.—[North American Review.

Boston Budget: Medical authorities now say that sleeping with the mouth open is a frequent cause of deafness. When this subject of opening the mouth is more thoroughly understood it will be seen that it is responsible for the larger share of human ills. It might have been thought that an open mouth at night would be less harmful than at any other time, but even then it is not innoxious. Keeping the mouth open too much destroys the teeth, and by breathing through the mouth instead of the nostrils diseases of the throat and lungs are sure to follow.

THE LOST BOND.

CHAPTER I

I was articled to that eminent firm of solicitors, Messrs Gurney and Grafton, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who, for the modest premium of three hundred guineas, allowed me to sit in their office and assist them with the work with liberty to pick up law in the best way I could. Having duly served my time and passed all my examinations, I was declared by the examiners to be a duly qualified solicitor, entitled to charge a fee of six-and-eightpence for my advice.

I had not a large capital when I began my legal studies, and by the time I had finished my articles, it had become so much diminished, that I deemed it advisable to lose no time in setting to work to earn my own living. No doubt, the most prudent course for me would have been to obtain a situation with a firm of solicitors, in order to gain a little more experience; but I was young and inexperienced, and in a hurry to be my own master. I at once began to look about for a suitable locality in which to start business on my own account. This was a more difficult matter than I expected. I had no connections anywhere, and therefore had nothing either to guide or fetter me in my choice. London I left out of the question altogether, as being, in my opinion, the most difficult place for any one without influence to work up a practice in. Every place I visited seemed to be well supplied with gentlemen learned in the law, and to be in no need of further additions. However, after a good deal of inquiry and travelling about, I fixed upon the quiet little market town of Barton in which to begin operations; and having taken an office in Church Street and engaged an office-boy, I notified to the inhabitants that I was ready to render them any legal assistance they might require, by affixing a brass plate on the door with my name and description inscribed thereon.

But the good people of Barton seemed to be either very peaceably inclined, or to be shy of strangers, for week by week and month by month went by, till six months had elapsed, and the business I had transacted had been practically nil, the little I had done being of a very unremunerative character. Meantime, the balance I had placed at the bank on setting at Barton was rapidly decreasing, the entries in my bank book being, unfortunately, all on the wrong side. In fact, I began to think I had made a mistake in setting up for myself so soon, and that the best thing I could do would be to try to obtain a situation.

I was sitting in my office one afternoon meditating on these things. I had been trying to read *Chitty on Contracts*, but I seemed unable to fix my mind on anything that day, and the book lay unheeded on the table before me. By degrees I fell into a brown study, and was getting into quite a gloomy state of mind, when I was interrupted by the office-boy bringing in the letters. These consisted of a few bills and circulars, a requisition from the income-tax collector to fill up the amount of my income during the previous year, one or two private letters, and last, but not least, the *Law Times*. I soon disposed of the former communications, and having opened the "Journal of the Law and the Lawyers," prepared to refresh my mind with an account of the doings of the legal world during the week. But fate seemed against me to-day, for almost the first thing that caught my eye was an article on "The Overcrowded State of the Legal Profession;" and when I had read, with a mournful kind of interest, an account of the alarming rate at which the profession had increased during the last few years, while the amount of fees, owing to the influence of recent legislation, was steadily diminishing, I quite agreed with the writer of the article that the profession was going to the dogs.

I threw the paper down in disgust, and walked to the window and looked out. It was a hot, drowsy afternoon, which seemed to have imparted its influence to the inhabitants, for business appeared to be almost at a stand-still, the only persons visible being a few tradesmen standing at their doors gossiping with their neighbors, or staring lazily at the opposite side of the street. Looking beyond the church, I could just catch a vision of green fields and shady trees, with here and there a glimpse of the river shining in the sun, looking delightfully cool and fresh, and making the room in which I was standing seem close and stuffy by comparison. I had just made up my mind to leave the office for the afternoon, and have a little fishing before tea, when the door opened and my office-boy entered again. "Please, sir, Mr. Thomas Jackson wishes to see you," he said.

"Mr. Thomas Jackson!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Do you mean Mr. Jackson of Oakfields Farm?"

"Yes, sir—*Farmer* Jackson," answered the boy.

"Oh, well, ask him in," I said, unlocking my drawer and pulling out my papers and pens, which I had just put away for the day. I knew Mr. Jackson well by repute. He was a well-to-do farmer, who lived a few miles from Barton, and I was aware that he entertained a strong prejudice against lawyers, he having had a disagreeable transaction with a rather sharp firm of attorneys some years ago; and it was believed he would as soon have thought of flying as of having anything more to do with a lawyer. I therefore felt considerable curiosity as to what brought me the honour of a visit from him.

Mr. Jackson entered the room rather hesitatingly, I thought. He was a stout, tall man, of about forty years of age, with a pleasant, good-humoured expression of countenance; but to-day I fancied there was rather an anxious expression on his face. After exchanging greetings, I motioned him to a chair on the opposite side of the table, and waited for him to inform me as to the nature of his business. After fumbling about in his breast-coat pocket, he drew out a narrow strip of paper and handed it to me. On examining this, I found it to be a writ issued by Mr. Sharper Flint, a money-lender at Barton, against Mr. Jackson, to recover the sum of one thousand pounds with interest on a bond given by Mr. William Jackson (father of Thomas Jackson) to the said Sharper Flint for money lent by him, and was issued against Thomas Jackson, as executor of his father, who had died some two years before.

"Well, Mr. Jackson," I said, looking up, "this is rather a disagreeable document. What is the meaning of it?"

"Well, that's just what I want to know," said Mr. Jackson. "I never heard a word of any such claim before. I suppose it is some dodge of that rascally Flint to try and get money out of me."

"You never heard of any such claim before," I asked, "although the writ states that the bond was given six years ago?"

"Not a word, sir," answered Mr. Jackson. "I never dreamed of there being any such claim until yesterday, when the writ was served on me."

"I suppose you were acquainted with your father's affairs?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. We discussed business affairs together constantly, and it was very seldom he did anything without consulting me. Indeed, now I remember he did speak to me, some years ago, about borrowing a thousand pounds, which he wanted for a temporary purpose, from Sharper Flint; but I advised him not to do so, as I had no faith in him; and he told me afterwards that he had decided to take my advice."

"It certainly does seem strange," I said. "I should think it very unlikely that your father would have borrowed so large a sum without letting you know, and without leaving any trace of it among his papers. I suppose you have been through his books and papers?"

"Yes, sir; I went through them all at the time probate of the will was granted, and there is not a trace among them of any such sum having been borrowed."

"Well," I said, "we are completely in the dark about it at present; and I have no materials to go upon in advising you what course to pursue. I think the best thing will be for me to call on Messrs. Crawley and Fox, Mr. Flint's solicitors, and see what they have to say about the matter, and, if possible, get them to show me the bond on which they claim."

"Yes, I think that would be the best way," replied Mr. Jackson; and accordingly it was arranged that I should see Messrs. Crawley and Fox the next morning, and that Mr. Jackson should call on me in the afternoon, when we could further discuss matters.

I called on Messrs. Crawley and Fox the next morning as arranged, and on mentioning my business, was shown into the office of Mr. Crawley, the senior partner, who, I was informed, had the conduct of the business.

Mr. Crawley, a withered little gentleman, with the orthodox parchment-coloured face, was sitting at a table littered with deeds, briefs, drafts, and the miscellaneous papers which usually cumber a solicitor's table. As I entered, he looked up.

"Good-morning, Mr. Crawley," I said. "I have called to see you about that matter of Flint *v.* Jackson."

"O yes," said Mr. Crawley, leaning back in his chair and pushing his spectacles on to his forehead. "You are acting for the defendant, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said; "and we are naturally very much astonished at the proceedings which you have commenced. My client informs me that he never heard of there being such a claim until he was served with the writ."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Crawley, opening his eyes with real or well-feigned astonishment. "Now, that's very extraordinary."

"It *is* extraordinary," I said; "but it is quite true. Until yesterday, my client was not aware of the existence of any such claim. He has been through his father's books and papers, and can find no trace whatever of any such sum having been borrowed."

"Dear me—dear me! that's a very extraordinary circumstance, now," said Mr. Crawley again.

"Yes," I said; "and before taking any steps in the matter, and either admitting or rejecting the claim, my client wishes to make a thorough investigation into the affair; and I have called to know if you will let me see the bond."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Mr. Crawley—"no objection whatever;" and going to the safe, he took the document out and handed it to me.

It was a formal bond, drawn up in the usual words, by which "the said William Jackson bound himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators, to pay the said Sharper Flint, his executors or administrators, on demand the sum of £1000, with interest at 5 per cent.;" and was signed and sealed by Mr. William Jackson, and witnessed by Mr. Winter, his solicitor. I examined the stamp, and looked at the date of the water-mark on the paper, but could find no flaw in the document at all; in fact, it seemed to be a perfectly valid and binding document, and to leave no loophole of escape.

"You will admit," I said, "that it is a very suspicious circumstance that Mr. Flint should never have mentioned the fact of his having any such bond, and should not even have applied for the interest."

"Well," said Mr. Crawley, "it is unfortunate that it has been left so long; but my client informs me that it was only intended to be a temporary loan, and he therefore did not include it among the amounts he had out on mortgage, and on which interest was payable regularly. In fact, it was overlooked till the other day, when he had a thorough stock-taking."

I could not succeed in getting any further information, and therefore took my leave, not altogether satisfied with the result of my interview. I did not believe that Mr Sharper Flint was the man to forget that he had an amount of a thousand pounds due to him.

Mr. Jackson called upon me, according to appointment, in the afternoon, and I reported to him what I had done.

"I must say," I said, "that so far, I do not see that we have any defence to the action. The bond purports to be witnessed by Mr. Winter, your father's solicitor; and on the face of it appears to be a perfectly genuine document."

"Never mind that!" said Mr. Jackson, bringing his fist down on the table. "I feel certain that my father never had that money, and I mean to fight him, and make him prove his claim in court."

"Well," I said, "I think it is too large an amount to pay without a strict investigation, especially considering the suspicious circumstances of the case; and I think it will be wiser to defend the action and let it go to trial; and in the meantime we must make a strict investigation, and get all the information we can."

"You are right sir," said Mr. Jackson; "and you need not be too particular about the expense; I shan't mind paying the money so much, if they win it after a fair fight."

I accordingly entered an appearance to the writ; and while the action was proceeding, I made vigorous inquiries in every quarter from which I thought information might be obtained. Mr. Winter, the lawyer who witnessed the bond, had died about four years before, and his estate had been sold by the executors. All his papers had been destroyed, except a few which it was thought might be important, and which had been intrusted to the keeping of a Mr. Corry, a solicitor at Barton. I called on the latter, and informed him of the proceedings taken against Mr. Jackson; and he overhauled Mr. Winter's papers, but found nothing which threw any light on the matter. I also found that all Mr. Winter's clerks had left the town except one, named Rogers, who had filled the position of engrossing clerk, but who recollected very little about the matter. After thinking upon the subject, he said he thought he did recollect engrossing a bond from Farmer Jackson to Mr. Flint; but he had engrossed so many documents in Mr. Winter's office relating to different matters, that he could not remember any particular document; neither did he know the addresses of any of the other clerks. In fact, it seemed to be impossible to get any information about it in the town; and the only course appeared to be to find out the addresses of as many of Mr. Winter's clerks as possible and ascertain if they knew anything about the matter. But we did not wish the other side to get wind of what we were doing, lest they should place obstacles in our way; and therefore the investigation proceeded secretly and, as a consequence, slowly.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOST BOND.

Shortly after the action commenced, I happened to want a cupboard in my room altered, and sent over to Mr. Watkins the builder, asking him to send a man over to do the work. Accordingly, one afternoon Mr. Jolly, a carpenter in his employ, made his appearance with his tools, and set to work to make the necessary alteration. He seemed to be of a talkative disposition, and after making sundry observations about the weather and relating some of the gossip of the neighbourhood, he remarked: "It's curious in what queer places lawyers' papers get stowed away sometimes - ain't it, sir?"

"Well, yes," I replied; "I suppose they do get into unlikely places sometimes."

"Yes, sir, you are right," said Mr. Jolly. "For instance, I was doing a job at Mr. Flint's the other day, and I found a document in the most unlikely place you would think of - a very important document too—in fact, a bond for a pretty large amount."

I gave a start as the recollection of the bond in the case of Flint *v.* Jackson flashed across my mind. It might be that I had at last stumbled upon some information which might throw light upon the matter; so, controlling my feelings, I said, in as calm a voice as I could command: "O yes, I suppose you mean Farmer Jackson's bond for one thousand pounds?"

"Why, sir, how in the world did you come to know anything about it?" asked Mr. Jolly in surprise. "Mr. Flint told me not to mention the matter to anybody."

"Oh, I daresay," I said: "but you see we *do* know about it; and we have reason to believe that an attempt is being made to obtain money from Mr. Jackson by false pretences; and unless you tell me all you know about the matter, I shall consider you as aiding in the attempt; I must therefore

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"When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scrofula, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed 6 years. In that time ten or eleven sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well.

"Early in 1896 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY

on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system, I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

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ask you to tell me what you know about it."

"I am sure I don't wish to harm Mr. Jackson in any way," said Mr. Jolly. "I thought the only reason for keeping it secret was that it was a private matter; and if it will do Mr. Jackson any good, I am willing to tell you all I know about it."

"Yes," I said, "It is most important to Mr. Jackson, and I must ask you to tell me all you know."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Jolly, "you see, Mr. Flint wanted some alterations made to a desk he has in his office, and among other things he wanted the drawers divided into different-sized partitions, so as to hold papers of various sizes; and I went there one morning, before any one had come to the office, to do the work. Well, I took one of the drawers out of the desk to put the divisions in, and after I had done so, I happened to look into the compartment from which I had taken it, and there I saw a document crushed up against the back, which had evidently fallen over the end of the drawer. I pulled it out and looked over it, and found it was a bond from Mr. William Jackson to Mr. Sharper Flint for one thousand pounds. As I was examining it, Mr. Flint came in, and I showed him the document and explained how I had found it. He took it from me and examined it, and said: "O yes; I am very glad indeed you have found it. I have missed this bond for some time, and it might have put me to serious inconvenience if I had lost it. Here is a sovereign for your trouble; and I should be glad if you would not mention the circumstance to anybody, as it is a private matter, which I should not like talked about."

So far, this recital did not appear to contain anything likely to help us, but seemed rather to confirm Mr. Flint's story of his having mislaid the bond; but the next sentence of Mr. Jolly put a different complexion on the matter. "You see," he said, "I knew that desk used to belong to Mr. Winter, and when I saw his name on the bond, I thought it might be one of his papers."

"What?" I said. "Do you mean to say that that desk formerly belonged to Mr. Winter?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Jolly. "He bought it at the sale of Mr. Winter's effects. I remember the desk well, as I was at the sale when he bought it."

This last information seemed indeed to be of a more important nature, since, if the desk formerly belonged to Mr. Winter, it was possible that the bond might have been lost while it was in his possession.

"Well," I said, "we have reason to believe that that bond does not belong to Mr. Sharper Flint at all, but that he is illegally trying to extort money from Mr. Jackson on it—in fact, he has commenced proceedings against him to enforce it. Will you be prepared at the trial to swear to all that you have stated to me to-day?"

"Yes, sir; I shall be prepared to swear to every word of it."

"Then, I shall depend on you," I said; "and I must ask you not to talk about the matter till after the trial."

"Right you are, sir—mum's the word," answered Mr. Jolly; and shortly afterwards having finished his job, he took his departure.

As for me, I hurried at once to Farmer Jackson's house at Oakfields and gave him an account of what I heard. "I tell you what my suspicion is," I said. "That bond was one of Mr. Winter's papers; it was never given to Mr. Flint at all; and he did not know of its existence till Jolly found it in the way I have told you."

"That's it, sir, you may depend upon it," said Mr. Jackson, giving me a slap on the back that nearly knocked me down. "By George! sir, we'll defeat the scoundrels yet."

"Not so fast, not so fast," said I cautiously. "That is my suspicion; but I do not think it is sufficient to obtain a verdict in a court of justice. You see, we have no evidence at all that it did not belong to Mr. Flint, and that it was not lost while it was in his possession. What we must do is to try to discover the whereabouts of some of Mr. Winter's clerks and see if they remember anything about it. If the bond was mislaid while it was in Mr. Winter's possession, it is highly probable that some of them would have heard something about it. Rogers seems to remember very little about the matter. However, we may as well go and see him again and try and jog his memory."

Accordingly, we went over to Rogers' house and found him in.

"Rogers," I said, "cannot you remember anything more about that bond? Do you remember whether it was mislaid or not?"

"Not that I heard of," answered Rogers. "But I have been thinking the matter over, and I think the most likely person to be able to give you information about it would be Mr. Carter, Mr. Winter's manager."

"Where does he live?" I asked.

"Ah, that's the point," answered Rogers. "I am sorry to say I do not know. He left here when Mr. Winter died, and went to London; but I don't know his address."

"And you are quite certain you recollect nothing about it yourself?" I asked.

"Quite," answered Rogers. "I have been looking the matter up; and I remember now that I was ill for three or four months just about the time the bond is dated; and if anything special occurred in connection with it, I think it must have been while I was absent from the office."

"Well," I said to Mr. Jackson as we were leaving, "we must use our utmost endeavors to get hold of Mr. Carter, but it would be as well to set to work quietly, so as not to alarm the other side. We might set a private detective to work; but it is so long ago since Mr. Carter left, that there might be some difficulty in getting on the track; so I think the best way will be to advertise in a few of the London papers first; and if that fails, we can employ a detective."

It was accordingly arranged that I should do this, and I set to work to consider the best way of carrying it into effect. I deemed it advisable not to direct any answers that might be received to the advertisement to be sent to any one in Barton; but I knew a young solicitor who was in practice in London; and after some consideration, I concocted the following advertisement:

"Will Mr. Carter, who formerly resided at Barton, kindly communicate with Mr Edward White, Solicitor, Bell Yard, Doctors' Commons.—By doing so, he will greatly oblige."

I inserted this advertisement in two or three of the London papers; and was extremely pleased, a few days afterwards, to receive a letter from Mr White, stating that Mr. Carter had called on him with reference to the advertisement; that he was with a firm of solicitors in the City, and would be happy to see me and give me any information in his power.

As may be conjectured, I lost no time in running up to town and calling on Mr Carter. I found him to be a frank, gentlemanly man, of prepossessing appearance, who willingly told me what he knew of the matter. I informed him of the action taken by Mr Flint, and the circumstance of the finding of the bond by Jolly, and asked him if he could throw any light on the matter.

"Well, yes," he replied; "I remember that bond very well—in fact, it was I who drew it. Mr. William Jackson intended borrowing a thousand pounds from Mr. Sharper Flint, and gave us instructions to prepare the bond. He called in and executed the document; but told us not to part with it until we heard from him again, as he had not quite made up his mind as to whether he would borrow the money. Mr. Winter accordingly placed the bond in his drawer. A few days afterwards, we received a letter from Mr. Jackson saying that he had determined not to borrow the money, and asking us to destroy the deed. Mr. Winter searched through the drawer for the bond; but, to his surprise, it was nowhere to be found. We searched through the office high and low, but could find no trace of it; and as far as I know, it was never discovered."

"Thank you very much," I said. "That explains the whole matter: and if we may rely upon your assistance at the trial, I think we shall have no difficulty in substantiating our defence."

"Oh, certainly. I shall be happy to render you any assistance in my power," said Mr. Carter; and having again thanked him for his information, I took my departure.

We succeeded in unearthing two or three more of Mr. Winter's clerks, who remembered the circumstance of the bond being lost and an unsuccessful search being made for it. Having now something definite to go upon, I set to work with a will, and pleadings and affidavits and notices followed one another, till the papers began to accumulate on my table in a manner dear to every lawyer's heart. Mr. Jackson's neighbours, however, shook their heads rather doubtfully when they heard that he had intrusted his case to me. Mr. Flint was a sharp man, they said, and so was Mr. Crawley; and it was not likely that a young solicitor like myself without experience could be a match for them.

The longest pleadings must come to an end some time, and eventually we "joined issue," and notice of trial was given, and I began to prepare my first brief. How hard I worked at it, and what affectionate care I lavished upon it! I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, and consulted every book and case bearing on the subject I could lay my hands on; and when at last it was completed, and fairly written out on brief-paper, I considered it to be a work of art.

The trial was fixed to take place at the next assizes in the neighbouring town of Leighton; and you may be sure that I and Mr. Jackson and our witnesses were there in good time. After some other cases in the list had been disposed of, the case of Flint *v.* Jackson was called on. Mr. Elsdon, Q. C., and Mr. Sefton appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. Herbert, Q. C., and Mr. Lumley for the defendant. Mr. Elsdon opened the case on behalf of the plaintiff. He stated that the action was brought to recover the sum of one thousand pounds, advanced by Mr. Sharper Flint to the defendant, Mr. Jackson, for which the bond in question had been given. Mr. Elsdon here produced the bond, which our counsel, after examining, admitted. Mr. Elsdon continuing, stated that the money due on that bond had never been paid, and as the document was admitted, he did not see what defence there could be to the action, and he would therefore not waste the time of the court by any further comment, but would at once call upon the plaintiff to give his evidence. Mr. Flint thereupon stepped into the witness-box and swore that he had advanced Mr. William Jackson the sum of one thousand pounds, on the security of the bond which had been produced—that that sum had never been repaid to him, but that the whole of it was still due and owing. Mr. Herbert cross-examined him pretty sharply as to whether the money had actually been advanced, and as to how he got possession of the bond; but he stuck to his story, and stepped down from the witness-box with his evidence unshaken.

Mr. Herbert addressed the court on behalf of the defendant. His learned friend, he said, had stated that he did not see what defence there could be to the action; but if that were so, he was afraid the plaintiff had not been so frank with his legal advisers as he should have been. On the contrary, he considered that we had a perfectly good defence to the action, and he hoped to prove not only that the money had never been advanced, but that the bond had been obtained by fraud, and that Mr. Flint had no right to it whatever. He then called Mr. Jolly, who explained the way in which he had found the bond; and also swore that the desk in which he had found it formerly belonged to Mr. Winter, Mr. Jackson's solicitor. The plaintiff's counsel apparently did not think much of this evidence, and allowed Mr. Jolly to step down without any cross-examination. Mr. Carter then stepped into the box, and stated the circumstance of the bond having been prepared by him while he was in Mr. Winter's employ, of the letter from Mr. Jackson stating that he had determined not to borrow the money, and requesting Mr. Winter to cancel the bond, and of the unsuccessful search for that document. He also stated that, as far as he knew, the bond had never been found. The plaintiff's counsel evidently thought this more serious, and subjected Mr. Carter to a rigorous cross-examination, but failed to shake his evidence in the slightest degree. Two or three more of Mr. Winter's clerks confirmed Mr. Carter's evidence as to the bond having been lost; and Mr. Jackson deposed that he had been through his father's books and papers and found no trace of any such sum having been borrowed, and that his father had consulted him some years ago as to borrowing a sum of money from Mr. Flint, but had afterwards stated that he had determined not to do so.

Mr. Herbert, again addressing the court on behalf of the defendant, submitted that the evidence which he had adduced proved that the money had never been advanced, and that the bond had never been given to Mr. Flint. Mr. Elsdon replied on behalf of the plaintiff, and endeavoured to make light of the evidence which had been given.

The learned judge shortly summed up the case for the jury. He stated that the question for them to consider was whether the money claimed had ever been advanced by the plaintiff to the defendant, or whether it was a fraudulent claim on a bond to which the plaintiff had no right, in which latter case they were to find for the defendant. The jury then retired to consider their verdict.

I had been so interested in watching the case, that I had noticed nothing else, but I now looked towards the place where Mr. Sharper Flint had been sitting, and found that he had disappeared. In a few minutes the jury returned to the court, and amid a profound silence the clerk of the court asked them the usual question: "Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are," answered the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"For the defendant."

I heaved a sigh of relief; and happening to look behind me, saw Farmer Jackson, the anxious expression which he had worn lately gradually giving way to his old look of good-natured contentment.

The judge having ordered the verdict to be entered for the defendant, expressed an opinion that Mr. Flint ought to be prosecuted for fraud. Accordingly, as soon as I left the court, I obtained a warrant for his apprehension; but we were too late, for we found that he had absconded, taking with him all the money and portable securities he could lay his hands on. We traced him as far as Medford, a junction about thirty miles from Barton; but there we lost all trace of him. However, he left ample property to satisfy all his creditors, so nobody was a loser by his flight.

Since that time, I have had no reason to complain of want of practice, as the case brought my name prominently before the notice of the public, who were pleased to give me more credit for the successful result obtained than I perhaps deserved. They were confirmed in this opinion by my friend Mr. Jackson, who lauded the way in which I had conducted the case, and attributed no small part of his success to my efforts. He and I continue excellent friends to this day. He generally contrives to run up a moderately long bill every year, and a few days after I send it in, he calls on me with a cheque for the amount, and we have a chat over old times.

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Please mention this paper.

Origin of the Name "Canada."

The derivation of the name Canada is obscure, but it is believed to have its origin in an Indian word, *kannatha*, meaning a village or collection of huts. The supposition is that Jacques Cartier, hearing the term used by the Indians in connection with their settlements, applied it to the whole of the country. There is, however, a Spanish tradition that some Spanish explorers visiting the country, and finding no mines or other appearance of riches, said *Aca Nada* ("Here's nothing"), which being repeated by the natives to subsequent visitors from Europe, was supposed to be the name of the country. It has also been conjectured, with a greater appearance of probability, that Canada is a modification of the Spanish word signifying a "passage," because the Spaniards thought they could find a passage to India through Canada.

It is stated that cows only live fifteen years, but you can never get people who reside at boarding-houses to believe it.

The recent death, at an advanced age, of Madame Jouvin, in Grenoble, France, recalls the services her husband, Xavier Jouvin, did to glove-making. He invented the machine for cutting out leather gloves, and introduced the one-seamed glove there. Beginning life as a poor glove-maker, he died worth millions, and is honored by a statue erected to his memory by his fellow-townsmen in gratitude for the benefits his inventions conferred upon Grenoble.

Santiago Penitentiaries.

Santiago, Chili, has one of the model penitentiaries of the world. The inmates, with the exception which we will subsequently note, are provided with good clothing and wholesome diet. All are obliged to learn trades—blacksmithing, carpentering, shoemaking, etc. There is a school, also, where even the oldest and most densely ignorant are taught to read and write; and a chapel where all receive religious instruction. The men are kept steadily at work; but by exerting themselves they may easily accomplish much more than the amount required and for every extra bit they are fairly paid. A stipulated sum is paid for so much work, and if a man doubles or trebles the amount, as many do, it is so much the better for all concerned. A workman easily makes from 20 to 30 cents a day, and the amount is charged to his credit. If a prisoner's sentence is long it is not uncommon for him to have $200 or $500 to his credit when he is discharged, which with the thrifty habit she has acquired makes a new man of him.

A HORRIBLE CONTRAST.

But there is another side, dark and terrible, to the picture. In this splendid, "model" building there are slimy, noisome cells that daylight never enters, in which human beings are literally buried alive. Under the massive arches of the enormous thick walls are inner cells, two feet wide by six feet long, destitute of a single article of furniture. Until recently those confined in them were walled in, the bricks being cemented in place over the living tomb. Now there is a thick iron door, which is securely nailed up, then fastened all around with huge clamps and over all the great red seal of the government is placed not to be removed until the man is dead or his sentence has expired. The tiny grated window is covered by several thicknesses of closely-woven wire netting, making dense darkness inside, so that the prisoner cannot tell darkness from day. There is no ventilation except through this netting, and no opening whatever to the tomb. Low down in the iron door, close to the ground, is a tiny sliding panel, a foot long by two or three inches wide, arranged like a double drawer, so that food and water may be slipped in on shallow pans and the refuse returned.

THE VISIT OF THE DEATH ANGEL.

Twice in every 24 hours this panel is operated; and if the food remains untouched a certain number of days, it is known the man is dead, and only then can his door be opened unless his time has expired. If the food is not eaten for only two or three days no attention is paid to it, for the prisoner may be shamming; but beyond a given length of time he cannot live without eating.

Not the faintest sound nor glimmer of light penetrates these awful walls. In the same clothes he goes in, unwashed, uncombed, without even a blanket or handful of straw to lie on, he languishes in sickness, lives or dies, with no means of making his condition known to those outside. He may count the lagging hours, sleep, rave, curse, pray, long for death, dash his brains out, go mad if he likes—nobody knows it. He is dead to the world, and buried, though living. Six months is the usual sentence, and, until lately, two years has been the limit. Only one man has ever been known to live a year, and the majority do not outlast the second month. Those that survive the six months are almost invariably driveling idiots or dangerous maniacs. The door is always opened at night, when the sentence has expired, because in his enfeebled condition after long darkness, the glare of day would be torture, if not death. They expect to find the wretch stone blind, emaciated to the last degree, unable to stand, hair and beard grown long and white as snow, nails like talons, and garments rotten with mold.

SAVED BY A FEW SEEDS.

One man of education and refinement kept himself in tolerable condition through this half year of solitary confinement by means of a handful of melon seeds. As he was going in, somebody gave him a part of a musk melon. Strange to say, it was not taken from him, and he carefully guarded the seeds which he put to a variety of ingenious uses. With them and reckoning from the number of times the food pan slid in and out, he contrived to keep track of the number of days of his incarceration; he invented games of "solitaire," which he played thousands of times in the darkness; and to vary the dreadful monotony he would throw away the precious handful and grope around on his hands and knees until they were all re-collected. He says that to those little seeds alone he is indebted for his almost miraculous escape from insanity, idiocy or death.

First Glimpse of London.

Let us go back to the beginning of all things—to the lay of the land in which London was planted. The reader, if he will consult that very admirable book, Loftie's *History of London*, will find a most instructive map. It shows the *terrain* before the city was built at all. The river Thames, between Mortlake on the west and Blackwall on the east, pursued a serpentine way, in the midst of marshes stretching north and south. There were marshes all the way, at spring tides and at all tides a little above the common these marshes were under water; they were always swampy and covered with ponds; half a dozen tributary brooks flowed into them and were lost in them. They varied greatly in breadth, being generally much broader on the south side than on the north. On this side the higher land rose up suddenly in a cliff or steep hill from twenty to five-and-thirty feet in height. This cliff, followed from the east, approached the river, touched it at one point and then receded again as it went westward. This point, where the cliff overhung the river, was the only place where the city could have been founded.

I call it a point, but it consisted of two hillocks, each about thirty-five feet high, standing on either side the little stream of Walbrook, where it flows into the Thames. On one of these hills, probably that on the west, was a small fortress of the Britons, constructed after the well-known fashion of hill forts, numberless examples of which remain scattered about the country. On the other hillock the Roman city was first commenced.

Here was the beginning of the city: here was instituted very early a ferry over the river. On the eastern hill the Romans built their forum and basilica, with the offices and official houses and quarters. When foreign trade began to increase, the merchants were obliged to spread themselves along the bank; they built quays and river walls to keep out the water, and the city extended laterally to east and west, just as far as was convenient for the purposes of trade; that is, not farther then Fleet River on the west, and the present site of the Tower on the east. It then began to spread northward, but slowly, because a mile of river-front can accommodate a great working population. When the city wall was built, about the year 300, the town had already run out in villas and gardens as far as that wall. Outside the wall there was nothing at all, unless one may count a few scattered villas on the south side of the river. There was as yet no Westminster, but in its place a broad and marshy heath spread over the whole area now covered by the city of Westminster, Millbank, St. James's Park, and so far west as Fulham. Beyond the wall on the north lay dreary, uncultivated plains, covered with fens and swamps, stretching from the walls to the lowing slopes of the northern hills, and even to the foot of an immense forest, as yet wholly untouched, afterward called the Middlesex Forest. Fragments of this forest yet remain at Hampstead, Highgate, Epping, and Hainault. In a word, all through this period, and for long after, the city of London had an immense marsh lying on the south; another on the west; a third on the east; while on the north there stretched a barren swampy moorland, followed by an immense impenetrable forest. Later on, a portion of the land lying on the northwest, where is now Holborn, was cleared and cultivated. But this was later, when the Roman roads which led out of London ran high and broad over the marshes and the moors and through the forest primeval. Round other great towns there is always a broad belt of cultivated ground protected by the wall and the garrison. Here the people grow for their own use their grain and their fruit, and pasture their beasts and their swine. London had no such home farm. The cattle which were driven daily along the roads into the city grazed on pastures in Essex farms beyond the forest and the marshes of the river Lea; the corn which filled her markets came down the river in barges from the inland country. All the supplies necessary for the daily food of the city were brought in from the country round. Should these supplies be cut off, London would be starved.—*Harper's Magazine.*

It is reported that the cost of President Harrison's journey to the West is $25,000, and that the President foots the bill himself. Mr. Harrison has done more than merely refuse to charge the cost of his journey to the nation; he has declined to accept free train services from the railway companies over whose lines he has travelled.

A Clever Prince.

The Russian Crown Prince, to whom the eyes of the world have been drawn by the recent attempt at assassination in Japan, is probably the best educated man of his years in the world. For thirteen years the most celebrated instructors in the empire have done their all to develop the elementary training with which, in his ninth year, he came into their hands. The Czarewitch ha labored as industriously to learn as they have to teach. He has, moreover, got an amazingly minute and accurate knowledge of the geography of the great land of the Romanoffs, for, since he has been old enough to observe for himself, he has accompanied his father and mother on all their longer tours in European Russia. The crowning of all this careful preparation for the responsibilities of reigning was to have been his journey through the East, and especially through Asiatic Siberia.

In the Czarewitch's ninth year his father decided that he must have eight years' drill in middle-grade studies, such as are taught in the last months of a high school and the first three terms of an American college, and four years' drill in higher sciences. Adjt.-Gen. Gregory Grigorevitch Danilovitch, director of the second Russian military school was entrusted with his education. Classical languages were excluded from the course, and them were substituted the elements of physics, mineralogy botany, zoology, anatomy, physiology, and biology. German, French, and English were taught to him with the thoroughness of the Russian linguist. The lower course was further extended to include a detailed study of Russian literature and Russian political history. The duration of the higher course was extended to five years eventually. All the great military sciences were comprised in the course. Civil government, the theory of taxation, and political economy were emptied whole upon the Czarewitch's mental digestion. To all this was added a careful and comprehensive drill in jurisprudence, as taught at the great German universities. Between 1888 and 1890, the last two years of his course, he was a member of the Imperial Council and the Committe of Ministers, and took active part in the work of both bodies, so as to acquaint himself intimately with legislation and administration.

Besides the Russian tours supplementary to his school training, the Czarewitch saw a good bit of western Europe before he turned his face eastward. He was at the Danish court repeatedly. He appeared as the bearer of a high Government commission at Berlin and Vienna, and he represented his father at the funeral of Emperor William I. of Germany.

The journey through Asia was the Czarewitch's plan for the last three or four years of his educational course. The object of it, as stated by him, was to collect experience which he might later utilize to the glory of his throne and the advantage of the Russian people.

Grape Culture.

Grape culture in the United States and its industries represent a capital of $155,661,000 and employ 200,000 persons. In 1889 there were over 400,000 acres of land in vines, three-fourths of which were bearing, and produced nearly 600,000 tons of grapes; of these 207,000 tons were table grapes, 41,166 tons were used for raisins and 23,526 tons for dried grapes. The raisin product of California was 1,372,195 boxes of 20 lbs. each at $1 60 per box. Total value $2,195,510. California already produces 74 per cent. of the raisins needed for the United States. In 1890 the raisin crop was 2,197,463 boxes. In five years there will be vines enough in bearing to produce from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 boxes. The average labor employed is one person to two acres of land to raise the fruit, the others are employed in the curing and manufacturing of the various productions from the grape. California has now more than half the vines. New York State and Ohio are the next. The average yield in New York State is 1¾ tons per acre, value $122.50 per acre. For table use $60,187 for wine $15,172.

The above is from a carefully prepared article in the April number of The American Agriculturist by H. Gardiner.

The defection of the two Harringtons from his ranks may be accepted as conclusive evidence that the game is about up with Mr. Parnell. The two members in question, it may be mentioned, possess in high degree the instinct of political self-preservation. One of them, Mr. Timothy Harrington, controlled the entire machinery of the National League, which has now collapsed completely.

Scientific Progress.

Mr. Preston in a letter to Dr. Hertz, the famous discoverer of electrical waves, points out that if the lines of force remain stationary, while the magnet rotates, the magnet, being a conductor rotating in the field of its own lines, will become electrified and show positive electricity at one end and negative at the other. If on the other hand, the lines move with the magnet no such effect will take place. Dr. Hertz admits the force of this reasoning.

Weldless steel chains are being experimented with in England. The chains are cut from a blank after the same general methods employed in cutting out a chain from a single piece of wood. As steel is used, it is asserted that the weight can be reduced one-third from what was necessary in old chains of similar strength.

The new equatorial telescope recently mounted in Paris has its tube bent at a right angle and the image of the sky formed by the object glass is reflected to the eye of the observer. It is the largest of its kind in the world, its optical powers being very fine and the images of the planets remarkably distinct.

Two marked improvements have recently been made in the use of gas for lighthouse illumination. One is a process of enriching gas made from ordinary coking coal by the addition of hydrocarbons and heated air, the other is the new dioptric lens.

Divers in the clear waters of the tropical seas find that fish of different colors when frightened do not all dart in the same direction, but that each different kind takes shelter in that portion of the submarine growth nearest in color to that of the fish.

Analysis of individual beets indicate that maturity, more than size, determines the sugar contents of the beet. A high weight of leaves, as compared with the roots, was no evidence of higher sugar content, but rather the reverse.

Attention has recently been called to the singular fact that until half a century ago the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands were a day behind those of neighboring countries in their reckoning.

Sir William Thomson condemns the single-wire system of electric lighting on shipboard, on the ground that, in spite of every care, the compasses are affected.

The finest garnets and nearly all the peridots found in the United States are collected from ant hills and scorpion nests in New-Mexico and Arizona.

Costly Treasures.

We were taken to the old palace, in the heart of the city, to see the treasure room. Two huge cheetahs, carefully muzzled, used for hunting bucks, were on the palace steps. The regalia of Baroda is valued at £3,000,000. We were first shown the jewels worn by the Maharajah on state occasions.

These consist of a gorgeous collar of about 500 diamonds, some of them as big as walnuts, arranged in five rows, surrounded by a top and bottom row of emeralds of the same size; the pendant of a famous diamond called the "Star of the Deccan;" an aigrette to match is worn in the turban; then followed strings of pearls of perfect roundness, graduated from the size of a pea to that of a large marble; wondrous rings, necklaces, clusters of sapphires, and rubies as big as grapes.

The greatest marvel of all is a carpet about 10 by 6 feet, made entirely of strings of pure and colored pearls, with great central and corner circles of diamonds. This carpet took three years in making, and cost £300,000. This was one of Khande Rao's mad freaks, and was intended to be sent to Mecca to please a Mahommedan lady who had fascinated him, but the scandal of such a thing being done by a Hindoo Prince was too serious, and it never left Baroda.

We were also taken to see two guns, weighing 280 pounds each, of solid gold, with two companions of silver, the ammunition wagons, bullock harness and ramrods all being silver.

DISEASES OF
THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

DRS. R. & J. HUNTER, of Toronto, New York, and Chicago, give special attention to the treatment and cure of *Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma*, and all diseases of the throat by inhalation of medicated air, also all forms of Chronic diseases.

A pamphlet explaining their system of treatment can be had free on application. Consultation free, personally or by letter. Office hours, 10 to 4. *Call or Address,*

101 Bay Street, Toronto.

A GOOD KING.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

"Now it is in mine heart to make a covenant with the Lord God of Israel, that his fierce wrath may turn away from us."—XXIX., 10.

Hezekiah, the thirteenth king of Judah, the son of Ahaz, ascended the throne at the age of twenty-five, and reigned twenty-nine years, B. C. 726-698. Among all the kings of Judah Hezekiah stands pre-eminent, and his reign is the culminating point of interest in their history. "There was after him none like him among the kings of Judah, nor any that was before." Immediately upon his accession he began an extensive and thorough reformation. His first act was to purge, repair, and reopen with splendid sacrifices the Temple, which had been despoiled and neglected during the idolatrous reign of his father. He utterly destroyed all the instruments of image worship, not excepting even that sacred relic the brazen serpent of the wilderness, which had been abused to purposes of superstition. His was the first successful attempt to collect the sacred books of his country. By his orders a large part of the Proverbs of Solomon, and, according to Jewish tradition, the prophecies of Isaiah, the Books of Ecclesiastes, and the Canticles were written out and preserved. He revived the observance of the Passover, of which no celebration had been recorded since the time of Joshua; and it was commemorated by two weeks of rejoicing. He broke off the servitude to the Assyrian power, and raised the standard of independence. And though this brought upon his kingdom an invasion, the interposition of the Lord drove off the offenders, and gave the emancipated kingdom peace.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CLASS.

The reformation wrought under Hezekiah affords a true pattern of what all reformation ought to be, whether national or personal. In studying it the student must take into consideration at least the whole of the twenty-ninth chapter.

1. The king first undertook, as far as in him lay, to reform. He opened again the Temple and repaired the doors. He gathered together the priests and Levites, and directed them to consecrate themselves and purify the Temple. He exhorted them to repentance by reciting before them the sins of the nation; and acting on his directions they carried out all the uncleanness of the Temple, and made thorough work of the cleansing. It was a great national and sacred act of house-cleaning. This cleansing preceded all religious ceremonies.

The first thing for the sinner to do is to depart from evil. The prodigal must turn his back on both the harlots and the swine. Paul must cease to prosecute the Church. Peter must turn with true grief from his denials, and his swearing and cursing to the Lord whom he has denied. Zaccheus must cease to be an oppressor of his brethren, and promise to restore fourfold all that he has acquired by injustice and wrong, before the Lord declares that salvation has come to his house. Repentance precedes faith. Abandonment of sin is the first step in holiness. Tears, visions, prayers, ecstasies are in vain without it. See John the Baptist's preaching to the crowd who asked him, What shall we do to be saved? (Luke, ch. iii.) No man can rest on the direction of Paul to the jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," while he is continuing in known sin.

2. Next came the great act of atonement. Seven bullocks, seven rams, seven lambs, seven he goats were brought for sin-offerings. So "they made reconciliation with their blood upon the altar to make an atonement for all Israel." Repentance is not enough. It is not enough to cease to do evil. The soul calls out for some satisfaction for the sins that are past. If not, what means the system of sacrifices so elaborately devised in the Old Testament? If not, what means the long and elaborate system of sacrifices that has characterized every people from the beginning of history to the present day? If not, what means the self-torture of the Hindus, what the human sacrifices of the ancient Druids, what the penances of the Middle Ages? These are the offerings of conscious guilt to the conscience, which calls out against the soul for some satisfaction, some penalty. Philosophy may break down in the attempt to explain the necessity for an atonement, but the fact that the universal soul of man calls out for an atonement, a call that is satisfied only by the life and death of Christ, is as certain as any fact in history. The students of heathen life and the echoes of heathen literature testify to the universal sense of need of an atonement as well as the Scriptures. The repentant must come to the sin-offering that has been made for him if he would consummate his reconciliation and find peace with his own conscience and with his God.

3. Then followed the service of praise. "Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, with harps, according to the commandment of David; and the song of the Lord began with the trumpets and the instruments ordained by David the king. And all the congregation worshiped, and the singers sang, and the trumpeters sounded." What joy and thanksgiving follows the reconciliation of the repentant soul with itself and its God! Then comes the music and dancing, and the fatted calf and the ring and the best robe. This is the prophecy of that new song which the redeemed are finally to sing when they meet around the throne. Alas! how often our religion stops with the 11th verse, just where the appointed Sunday-school lesson unfortunately stops, at mere repentance and attempted reformation, without trust in the sacrifice that has been made for sin, and the atonement that there is in that sacrifice. How often, too, the religious experience, going one step further, stops with that atonement, with the cross of Christ, with verse 2, without going on to the song of glory; to the crown that Christ has laid up for those who accept the cross.

4. Finally came the great act of consecration. "Now ye have consecrated yourselves to the Lord, come near and bring sacrifices and thank-offerings; and the consecrated things were six hundred oxen, and three thousand sheep." True consecration follows true praise. It is, indeed, part of the true praise. First, repentance, ceasing to do evil; next, faith in an atoning sacrifice that has made reconciliation and has blotted out the past; then, thanksgiving to God for his goodness and mercy that has opened the way to life: and, finally, consecration to him of all that we have and are, in a spirit of love and joy—this is the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Retort of a Clergyman.

There is a Unitarian clergyman who is not without a power of keen retort, and who is none the less gifted with the grace to command his tongue rather than allow his tongue to command him, says the Boston *Courier*. He has in his congregation one of those women who make a pretense of frankness an excuse for rudeness, and who are given to boasting that they are plain-spoken, when the truth is that they are simply ill-bred and insolent. This especial lady is wealthy, and there are not many in the list of her acquaintances who dare rebuke her, albeit they do together console each other for the wounds they suffer from her tongue by abusing her roundly.

It chanced that one evening the lady and the clergyman were partners at whist at the house of a common friend, and so successful were they that they won almost every game for the evening. Like people who are fond of having their own way the lady was in high humor over this success, and when the play was over, she pushed back her chair from the table with the characteristic and graceful remark to her partner:

"You do play a good game of whist, Mr Blank. If you only preached as well as you played whist it would be a treat to go to church to hear you."

The clergyman was quite equal to the occasion. He kept his temper and his face under perfect control as he replied:

"Thank you, Miss Sharp; but you know anybody can learn to play whist, while genius and good breeding come by grace of God."

Health in Sunny Rooms.

The rooms occupied by children should be made bright, light, and pleasant. It is seldom thought of as much as it should be, how essential to the health of children plenty of light—especially sunlight—is. One reason why poor people's children thrive in the face of most adverse surroundings is that they are nearly all day out of doors in the full light of day in the air. Keeping children excluded from sunlight and putting them in dark, gloomy rooms, is similar to caging a young bird and keeping it always in the shade; it will soon droop and lose all brightness, becoming dull and songless. Some children look pale and delicate, although surrounded with every comfort—nay, luxury—well fed, well looked after, and the real cause is often want of light—want of sunlight—and want of cheerfulness in the people and in the rooms they inhabited.

An entirely new style in ice cream dishes is one of a long, narrow, flat shape, with gilt centre and richly-chased border.

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NORMAN, Ont., January 15, 1890.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—Your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" are the best regulator for the system that humanity can use. Life is as the time-piece: frail and delicate are many of its works. A tiny particle of foreign substance adheres to the smallest wheel in the works, and what is the result?—at first, only a slight difference is perceptible in its time-keeping, but wait you; as the obstruction grows, the irregularity becomes greater, until at last, what could have been rectified with little trouble, in the beginning, will now require much care in thoroughly cleansing the entire works. So it is in human life—a slight derangement is neglected, it grows and increases, imperceptibly at first, then rapidly, until what could, in the beginning, have been cured with little trouble, becomes almost fatal. To prevent this, I advise all to purify the system frequently, by the use of Morse's Pills, and so preserve vigor and vitality.

Yours faithfully,
H. F. ATWELL.

The Travellers' Safe-Guard.

AMAGALDUS POND, N.S., Jan. 27, '90.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—For many years, I have been a firm believer in your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." Not with a blind faith, but a confidence wrought by an actual personal experience of their value and merit. My business is such that I spend much of my time away from home, and I would not consider my travelling outfit complete without a box of Morse's Pills. Yours, &c.,
M. R. MCINNIS.

A valuable Article sells well.

BOUCHOIS HARBOR, N.S., Jan. 13, '90.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that I deal in Patent Medicines, including various kinds of Pills. I sell more of the Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills than of all the others combined. Their sales I find are still increasing. Yours, &c.,
N. L. NICHOLSON.

Preserve Your Health.

One of the best ways to keep in good health is not to think or worry too much about it. If you feel strong and well, don't imagine that some insidious disease may be secretly attacking your constitution. Many people are like the inexperienced traveler, who anxiously inquired about the symptoms of seasickness, and how he should know when he had it. One generally knows when he is sick, and frequently many supposably alarming symptoms prove, upon investigation, to be either perfectly natural occurrences or of very slight importance.

Eat and drink what you desire, as long as it agrees with you. Your stomach knows pretty well what it can digest. Plain, simple food is desirable, as a general thing, but the luxuries of the table, in moderation, will do no harm.

Alcoholic beverages are not fit for habitual use. They are true medicines, and should only be used like any other medicines—under the advice of a physician. As a regular beverage they can do no good, but will almost certainly do harm.

Take all the sleep you can get, but remember that the necessary amount varies greatly for different persons. Some must sleep at least nine hours, while others thrive under six. Only don't rob yourself of what you really need. The "midnight oil" is a terribly expensive illuminant to burn either for purposes of labor or study.

Always treat a common cold with great respect. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will get well any way, but the hundredth cold, if neglected, may lead to bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption. It is best to take no such chances.

If you are sick enough to need any medicine at all, beyond the simple remedies familiar to all, you are sick enough to need the attendance of a physician.

By all means take as much exercise as you can, and be in the open air as much as possible. Outdoor life is the natural condition of mankind, and the more one can have it, the better. The practice must not be carried to extremes, however. There are many days when one is much better off in a warm, comfortable, well-ventilated house than trying to take outdoor exercise in a midwinter storm, or under a July sun, and no one ever strengthened his constitution by sleeping with his bed room window open with the outside temperature at zero, or allowing the snow to drift in upon his pillow.

Fresh air, sunlight, good and sufficient food, pure water, outdoor exercise, temperance in all things, and a cheerful disposition, are the chief remedies in nature's dispensatory, and are worth more than all the drugs and medicines of the shops. Dr. Holmes has truly said that if nine-tenths of all the medicines, patent, proprietary and otherwise, in the world were poured into the ocean, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes: and the best physician can do little without good nursing, and thus aid nature in throwing off disease.

How to Treat Diphtheria.

Dr. Guntz, of Dresden, has had great success in the treatment of diphtheria with bichromate of potash in water containing carbonic acid, which he has found by numerous experiments on animals, as well as in the course of extensive clinical observation, to be entirely harmless. For an adult 600 grammes (about a pint) are ordered per diem, in which are dissolved three centigrammes (about half a grain) of potassium bichromate. The whole quantity is directed to be taken in about half a dozen doses, regarding which it is important to observe that they must not be taken on an empty stomach; a little milk or gruel should therefore be swallowed before each dose. Children, of course, take smaller quantities, according to age. They can be given the medicine in a tumbler mixed with some fruit syrup, and they do not generally object to it. At the commencement of the disease Dr. Guntz washes the mouth out with a 1 per cent. solution of permanganate of potash containing 0.1 per cent. of thymol, or with a corrosive sublimate solution of the strength of 1 in 3,000, taking care, in the latter case, that none is swallowed, and that the mouth is well rinsed with water afterward. In the case of young children the pharynx must be brushed out with the solution. Sometimes iodoform is employed, being applied on the tip of the finger to the affected spots. Dr. Guntz specially remarks that potassium bichromate, though harmless in the way described, is by no means so when in pills, powders, or in solution in non-carbonated water.—[The Lancet.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Sirs,—I was formerly a resident of Port La Tour and have always used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my household, and know it to be the best remedy for emergencies of ordinary character.

Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

Elling Carlsen, a Norwegian, discovered recently the house occupied three centuries ago on the north coast of Nova Zembla by William Barents, the Dutch explorer. The house was completely covered with snow and ice. The various relics found in it have been placed in the marine department in The Hague. They include an old clock, a quadrant invented by Plancius, the founder of the theory of open polar seas, a flask, a "History of China," and a "Navigator's Manual."

Nature in Hebrew Poetry.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

A very interesting illustration of the development of idea, the broadening and deepening conception of life which, with character, forms the highest achievement of humanity, is to be found in the enlargement of the thought of Nature discoverable in literature. The three great themes of literature are God, Man, and Nature. About these fundamental conceptions all thought has organized itself, and in them all the arts have had their roots. The real history of the world has not been written in dynasties, constitutions, campaigns, and diplomacy; it is to be found in the record of changes of thought concerning these dominant facts. Religions of all kinds have had their origin in conception of Deity; as these conceptions have changed, religious reformations or revolutions have followed. Every form of government has represented an idea of man; and as that idea has changed, governmental overturnings and reconstructions have registered the change. The real difference between monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy is a difference not only of form but of idea; a difference of conception of the character and position of man in the world.

As a middle ground between God and man Nature has been an object of intense interest to men. Her function and influence in the making of civilization and its arts have already been indicated; hardly less important has been her appeal to the intelligence and imagination and the interpretation of her being which different ages and races have accepted. The Hebrew regarded Nature in a profoundly religious spirit, as the garment of deity; he hardly paused to reflect upon the impressive phenomena which he saw about him, or to receive the full disclosure of their beauty, because through them, as through an open window, his eye sought and found God. In the Book of Job the sublimest aspects of Nature are brought before the mind with a majesty and vividness never paralleled in later literature, but one hardly perceives that he is looking at Nature, so near and awful is the presence of God. These appalling visions of cloud and storm hold one's attention only as the mist through which the mountain is swiftly breaking into view.

The 104th Psalm is perhaps the most adequate and impressive picture of the universe that has ever been made, and it breathes the very genius of the Hebrew race:

"Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
Who maketh the clouds his chariot:
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire:
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved for ever.
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture:
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled:
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away:
They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them

. . . . . .

He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night:
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labor until the evening.

. . . . . .

These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayst give them their meat in due season."

The sustained sublimity of this poetry is matched only in the Book of Job, and in the words of that prophet of glowing imagination, Isaiah. These great spirits hardly see Nature at all, so near and real is God to them; all visible things are but a mist between them and the Invisible, are but a flowing stream rushing from His hand. "Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest and every tree therein," says Isaiah in an ecstasy of adoration. The limitation of this poetry as a representation of Nature lies in the fact that Nature is in a way lost in God; it is all profoundly true; infinitely deeper and truer than a great deal of modern thought about Nature; and yet, while it remains unapproached as an expression of the thought of God in Nature, the very clearness and majesty with which it sets forth this thought relegates Nature to a secondary place, and makes her an illustration instead of a theme.

There are two ways of bringing the thought of God to the imagination: by making Nature a transparent medium which is consumed in the vision of deity and rolled away like a curtain; and by dwelling upon and spreading out the glory of the visible world with all its phenomena, its forces, its laws, its majestic harmony, and its perfect adjustment of parts so that a deep and beautiful sense of the infinity of divine resource and range and beauty is borne in upon the soul. The first method was that of the Hebrew poets; it consumes the symbol in searching for its truth; the very earth goes up in flame before the presence of the Lord. There is another and not less spiritual way, which deepens and broadens the impression of Nature until it is pervaded by the consciousness of an unseen presence. The garden is not consumed; it blooms with a beauty deep as the soul of man, and at the eventide God walks in it. This is the poetry of Nature; the Hebrew poetry, notwithstanding the glory with which it crowns Nature for the moment, was the poetry of God. The idea of God shines through Hebrew literature and gives it its unique place. In the development and illustration of that idea it remains unapproached. To that idea all other ideas are subordinated; in the endeavor to receive that idea, and give it fit utterance, the Hebrew genius was absorbed. It was left to other literatures to conceive of Nature as distinct from God, and yet instinct with divine force, radiant with divine beauty, and so charged with divine truth that it becomes a new revelation. There is, perhaps, a clearer and calmer impression in the modern than in the Hebrew use of Nature; there is, perhaps, as much to be learned from the deep, patient, reverential study of Nature as from the swift intuition which leaped at once from all natural phenomena to God. There is a mood to which the Hebrew was a stranger; the mood which is born of open-minded fellowship with Nature.

"That blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

Zoe Gayton, the woman who has become famous by walking from San Francisco to New York in two hundred and thirteen days, has made fourteen thousand dollars by reaching the latter city ahead of time. She is large and masculine looking, with rather coarse features, which are expressive, however, of great determination. She is accompanied by her manager, W. J. Marshall, and John Price, representing the parties who wagered that she could not perform the feat. She also carries along a Cocker spaniel, which will be the first dog whoever footed it across the continent. The next thing in order is for some man to immortalize himself by marrying the fair pedestrian, and helping her to spend the money.

The Rev. M. Harvey, of St. John's, N.F., has received from the McGill University of Montreal, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Harvey well merits this distinction. As a scientific investigator he has been of much value to natural history. His well-known discovery of the great devil-fish, a giant cephalopod, 1873, aroused profound interest among naturalists. Professor Verrill, who exhaustively examined it, named the species Architeuthus Harveyi, and said that it remarkably resembled the ancient genus Tendopsis, found fossil in the jurassic formations and contemporaneous with the saurian deep-sea monsters. Mr. Harvey's recent letters to the New York Tribune on the great codfisheries of Newfoundland, and the cod and lobster hatcheries, as well as on the extraordinary political situation of that unfortunate island, have been of exceptional interest to our readers.

A serious police scandal is reported from Warsaw. A day or two ago General Brook, the chief of the gendarmerie, gave order that domiciliary visits should be made by the secret police in the student's quarters, fixing the hours at which the visits should be made. An hour before the appointed time, however, the General himself went to some of the houses designated, and had searches made, but found nothing. He then awaited the police agents and on their arrival he had them searched, with the result that their pockets were found to be filled with seditious proclamations, which it was evidently intended to leave about the students' rooms for the purpose of making up a case against them. The General naturally charged the police with having acted the parts of agents provocateurs, and as the facts have become public, great excitement has been created. The Governor-General has left for St. Petersburg to try and smooth away the compromising circumstance.

PERSONAL.

Lord Tennyson's income from his poems is said to be over $30,000 a year.

Billiards are Mark Twain's favorite diversion, and he has a table and cues conveniently at hand in his Hartford home. Mr. Clemens and his family are going over the water for a long stay, but he says distinctly that this is not to be another trip of "the innocents abroad."

The leaders of society are not always callous to the needs of those less fortunate than they are. Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor are said to give away more than $100,000 a year in unostentatious charity, while Mrs. Astor is interested in mission work.

Prince Henry, of Germany, the Emperor's younger brother, is having a fast forty-ton yacht built for him, and expects to have lots of fun racing her the coming season. His Dutch courage gave out when it came to hiring a crew, and English sailors will manage the plaything for him.

Dr. Livingstone's faithful black servant, Susi, died recently in Zanzibar. With a companion, he carried the famous explorer's body fifteen hundred miles, from the interior of Africa to the coast, suffering many privations and risking dangers in hostile territory, in order that he might save his master from an unknown grave. Parliament thanked Susi for his performance, and even the Queen took notice of his courage and fidelity.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the savant, who lives in England, and has been practically a widower for the past forty years, can scarcely be said to have been bereaved by the recent death of his wife, who passed away on the same day that Prince Napoleon did. The Prince married Marianne, the beautiful daughter of the sculptor Conchetti, nearly sixty years ago; but the union was not happy, and the couple finally separated; the Princess, however, declining a divorce, although her consent would have been paid for with a fortune.

Baron Hirsch, the Moses of the new Jewish dispensation, inherited much of his wealth, and added to his inheritance by daring and successful operations. His wealth is estimated at over $100,000,000, and in his lifetime he has enjoyed all that money could buy. He has entertained princes and lived like one himself, and it is not surprising that now that he is old and childless, his son having died some time ago, he should think of spending a portion, at least, of his great fortune for the betterment of his race.

There are so many sides to the Emperor William's versatile nature that it is hard to keep track of them all. One day he is with the army, inspiring the soldiers with warlike ambitions, and the next he is in his palace arranging a match for his unmarried sister. Recently, while addressing the students of Bonn, he placed himself on the side of law-breakers by eulogizing the dueling customs of the German universities, and now it is announced that he is contemplating a "retreat," the season of his religious sequestration to be spent in no less a place than the castle of Wartburg, where Martin Luther was for a time confined, and where he is said to have hurled an inkpot at the devil's head.

One of the leading characters in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, George Harris, was taken from the experience of Lewis George Clarke, formerly a slave, and now living at Lexington, Kentucky. He has recently been visiting a brother, J. Milton Clarke, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. From these two freedmen, both of whom are nearly white, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe gained many of the facts which she afterward wove into her great anti-slavery story. Lewis George Clarke knew personally many of the people who formed the characters of the story, which, he says, might have been made much stronger in places without departing from the realm of fact. Mr. Clarke has had nine children, all of whom he sent to Oberlin College. His wife and two of the children are now dead, and he spends much of his time in lecturing.

The distinction of having crossed the Atlantic 501 times, and of having commanded all the leading Cunarders, belongs to Captain W. H. P. Haines, of the steamship *Etruria*. He is Commodore of the company's fleet, and has followed the sea since 1838.

Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist and philosopher, is a giant in frame and has a strong face, with blue gray eyes and a long gray beard. He dresses roughly in peasant garb, his shoes being made by his own hand. In his diet he is a vegetarian, for he considers the slaying of innocent animals a needless cruelty. The Count's socialism leads him to live in the greatest simplicity, and the austerity which he cultivated some time ago caused a vigorous protest from his more practical wife, who saw that it was endangering his health and that of his family. The Countess and her daughters join with him, however, in his works of philanthropy and kindness among the peasants, by whom the whole family are greatly revered.

Two weeks ago St. Paul's Cathedral held a large congregation composed almost entirely of Jews, brought there through the efforts of the Rev. Gordon Calthrop, prebendary of St. Paul's and vicar of Highbury. His intention is to make such a gathering annual, with the idea of bringing about some sort of a fusion between Jews and Christians. The Rev. Mr. Calthrop got the Jews there by announcing an address upon "The Jewish Question," in which he discussed passages from the 37th chapter of Ezekiel, and foretold that there would be eventually founded a great Jewish empire, which would bring within its protecting influence the scattered tribes who were now dwelling in various parts of the world. The meeting was approved by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

While Queen Victoria was in Western France returning from Grasse, recently, a telegram awaited her at one of the stations where a halt was made. The postmistress refused to give it into anybody's hands but the rightful recipient, and all the diplomacy of the Royal train was put in action to induce this zealous functionary to waive rules and regulations in favor of the Queen of England. Madame only yielded to the pressing solicitations of General Ponsonby and a secretary of the British Embassy.

Lord Cross has been spoken of as the Minister with the largest personal influence over Queen Victoria since Beaconsfield's death. "Vanity Fair," however, says: "This is ridiculous. The Duke of Rutland is the persona gratissima at Court now, and it is by the Queen's express wish that he is so constantly in waiting as Minister in Attendance. If any further proof were necessary, it would be enough to point to the fact that the Queen has conferred on him the Garter in preference to her grandson, the Duke of Fife. In this matter, however, she has been able to gratify the Ministry as well as the Duke and herself."

Bismarck has published this card: "On my birthday I received congratulations from Germans all over Germany and the rest of the world. My pleasure thereat renders it necessary for me to give all equally warm acknowledgments. I do not wish to remain in debt in this matter, even if thankfully so. With greater energy than I possess I could not give individual answers, and therefore I ask all indulgence. Accept herewith my heartiest thanks for your kindness."

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THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

It was the last of January and a Saturday night. A keen north wind was blowing down Yonge St., filling the air with occasional flurries of snow, and night had long since come, though it was only six o'clock.

J. Weedon Bradshaw, barrister and attorney, stood on the steps of the building in which he had his office, and buttoned his overcoat as he looked up and down the now deserted street.

For some thirty years he had done the same thing at the same hour every day, when he was not out of town on business—he never went away for pleasure. He was going out of town now, as soon as he had swallowed his dinner. Large and important business interests of a client called him to the northern part of the Province and it never occurred to him to delay twenty-four hours for what he considered a mere question of sentiment. Sundays were pretty much the same to him personally as any other day, except that they interrupted business.

True he had been wonderfully successful in life, but he would have told you it was entirely owing to his own efforts, and not through any intervention of Providence.

Shortly after nine o'clock that evening he walked into a passenger-car of the northward-bound express in as great a state of irritation as he ever permitted himself to indulge in. He had neglected to engage a berth in the sleeper, and now found that he must make the best of a night in a chair. He settled himself with the expertness and deliberation born of age and experience. Then he took from his pocket documents bearing on the coming case and proceeded to read them.

Presently he found his mind wandering, a thing it had not done for years, and putting up the papers, he turned to look out of the window. In spite of shading the glass with his hands nothing was to be seen, but an occasional light flashed into view and out again in an instant.

He drew back and sat idly looking before him till suddenly he became conscious that there was something, after all, to be seen in the window but his own reflection. He looked at himself with growing interest; it was the first time in many years he had had such protracted opportunity for study of the subject.

He felt as if the face opposite him belonged to some familiar stranger, met every day but never known. A man well advanced in life, nearing sixty, perhaps, looked back at him. Hair gray, getting a little thin now; aquiline nose; clear, shrewd-looking eyes, of no particular color, with innumerable fine wrinkles about the corners, as if from constant contraction to enable them the better to see through other men. The lips had narrowed almost to a line from long compression, and made the entire face look hard.

He had fought the world single-handed—the hard, selfish, crushing business world of a great city, and it had marked him as its own. He had wrung from it wealth, position, recognition of his ability by other men; but he had given in return youth, love, pleasure, all aspirations after better things. All those longings and hopes which prove the existence in us of some sparks of a higher nature. His very life he had given to become that most perfect mercantile productive of the nineteenth century—entirely a business man.

The train slowed up at a station and a young couple got in. She was so bright and pretty and confiding, he so unceasingly attentive and protecting, the other passengers watched them with interest. The men smiled and the women sighed. The sat in front of Weedon Bradshaw, and something in the girl's face quickened his memory and sent his thoughts rushing back into the past.

He turned again to his window, but the past was with him and the face that looked back was no longer old and hard.

It was a boy's face, handsome, brave, and honest, with faith in those clear eyes, and a promise of noble deeds. Other faces were there, too. A laughing, winsome pair of eyes peered at him for a moment, and then a gentle, sweet, old face smiled sadly at "her boy." He remembered her dreams for him; he realized for the first time how far he had fallen from her ideals.

Now he fully understood what she had once said to him: "Experience is sorrow. Only as life happy as we live it for others."

The face was a man's now; handsome still, but an eager look had come into the eyes, and the mouth was more firmly set. He was starting out into the world anxious for knowledge of it; determined to fight and conquer. Clearly the night he left home came back to him. She of the laughing eyes was with him, but they laughed no longer. Tears were brimming over and the little lips too tremulous for words. He held her hand and a mighty struggle went on within him. He knew what the tears meant and he longed to take her in his arms; but pride and caution whispered:

"Wait! You have the world before you."

And so he spoke no word, but left her.

He had never really meant to give her up. He intended in the near future to go back for her; but, first, he was too poor to take the time, and afterward the business world claimed him as its slave—its slave when most he felt himself its master.

So the days passed by and he never went back.

Then he heard that another had won her, and for a moment J. Weedon Bradshaw admitted to himself that he had possibly made a mistake in life after all.

In course of time he married his partner's daughter. He paid her bills, treated her with respectful consideration, and when she died regretted the unfortunate circumstance. But her face had no place on the window. The youth of the past was crying to the man of to-day for reparation and would not be silenced.

"Why did you treat me so?" he cried. "Why did you stifle my love, teaching me this terrible absolute indifference to everything good or bad? Why did you train me to think that money and what money could buy was the best in life and nothing else mattered? What have you given me in return for youth, love, and liberty?"

And Weedon Bradshaw bowed his head in silence. Dead Sea fruit.

Clearly he saw now, as in the light of noonday, the life he had missed. The life of love and higher aspiration, the abnegation of self that leads to the "larger heart, the kindlier hand."

All this he saw, and groaned in spirit.

On through the night rushed the express; but side by side with it kept the phantom train filled with the ghosts of Weedon Bradshaw's past.

The young bride had gone to sleep with her head on her husband's shoulder and the other passengers were in various stages of unconsciousness.

Suddenly a violent, shuddering jerk throughout the train—a mighty crash and heaving, and then silence more terrible.

Silence for a moment's space only, however—then cries, questions, exclamations—a wild confusion of tongues.

The engine had jumped the track on a down grade and half dragged the baggage-car with it, but the passenger coaches were only badly shaken. It would have been a terrible disaster but for the quickness and nerve of the engineer—he stopped the train in its own length, but his life was the price.

The crowd grew silent as they stood about the wreck and that motionless object now stretched upon the roadside.

They peered into each other's pale faces, scarcely visible by the flickering light of a few lanterns carried in nervous hands.

Thank God! they were all safe but one man had given up his life for them.

"He did his duty nobly," they said, and then began to think how they could continue their journey.

It was not that they were unfeeling, only "practical"; there was nothing to be done and they were in a hurry.

Only Bradshaw remained standing by the body—he felt shaken, unnerved, strangely old. Those silent lips seemed bidding him stay. A voice was speaking to him through them unheeded by other ears—"Even as am wilt thou be."

Boil the Milk.

The increasing frequency of tuberculosis in cows, and the constant infection of milk with microbes, by its contamination with dirt and excreta through the carelessness of dairymen, renders it important that milk should only be eaten after having been sterilized by boiling. German housewives always boil milk as soon as it is received from the cow. By this means the germs are killed in their growth in the milk, and their production of poisonous substances is prevented. It is the custom of the Sanitarium, to boil all milk used upon the tables of both patients and helpers. For some years heretofore it has been the custom to boil the milk during the spring, summer, and fall months, but it is now the rule to boil it during all seasons of the year. It is necessary to take this precaution in addition to using the greatest care that only milk from healthy cows is used. The idea that boiling milk renders it in any degree less wholesome as food, is an error; boiled milk is really more digestible than unboiled milk.

Prince Louis Bonaparte, the present head of the family, is said to strongly resemble the first Napoleon in countenance. In physique he is tall, thin, and muscular, with dignified and gracious manners.

REMEMBER, CROUP

Generally comes like a thief in the night. It may attack your child at any hour. Are you prepared for it? Ayer's Cherry Pectoral gives speedy relief in this disease. It is also the best medicine for colds, coughs, hoarseness, sore throat, and all disorders of the breathing apparatus, is prompt in its action and pleasant to the taste. Keep it in the house. C. J. Woolridge, Wortham, Texas, says: "One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night, I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the little sufferer's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."

"I am never without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the best remedy for croup."—Mrs. J. M. Bohn, Red Bluff, Cal.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

The Old Umbrella.

A very pretty piece of ornamental gardening, not too difficult for beginners, can be done with an old umbrella or parasol and some plants of cypress vine, maurandia, sweet-pea, or any thing that is not of too aspiring a nature. Such climbers as the morning-glory, canary bird vine and other 20-footers are better left for unsightly fences and buildings. Plants are better than seeds, because more certain, and they do not take so long to catch the knack of twining and spreading. Umbrella ribs are not decorated, and to see such an object standing there week after week waiting for its clothes does not give people a pleasant impression of a garden.

But first find your umbrella, and this may not be so easy, for "retired" umbrellas that are no longer fit for use are seldom seen. Some members of the family, however, may be able to produce one, and then it should be immediately stripped of the few tatters left to it. The next step is to paint the frame and handle brown, and when quite dry plant the end of the handle firmly in the ground, with the frame fully opened. If the handle is rather short it will be an improvement to add a piece of wood to it.

It is now ready for the vines, which should have made some progress in growing; and when they once begin to do their best, the old umbrella frame makes such a lovely green bower studded with blossoms of red or purple or white—or all together if the vines are mixed that everyone exclaims over its beauty.

A parasol with the same treatment is equally pretty on a smaller scale, and it would be very ornamental in the center of a round bed edged with bright-colored phlox or candy-tuft. With a long-spouted watering pot the vines could have a daily drenching in warm weather, when the sun is not shining on them, from their roots to their highest green tips, and this would keep them fresh.

Transplanting Hearts.

The latest surgical wonder is reported from the City of Mexico where a Dr. Raphael Martinez is said to have succeeded in transplanting hearts from one living animal to another, and is prepared to undertake a like transfer in the case of human beings, upon proper surgical occasion. The figurative transference of hearts is an operation not unheard of, as for example when a young woman at a watering-place leaves her heart on storage with a satisfactory young man for a prolonged period and then during a brief boat ride reclaims her property and transfers it with the utmost ease to the bosom of some other young man of better social position, larger financial resources or a "lovelier" twist to his mustache: but the literal transference of hearts is certainly a new thing under the sun. Can the discovery be turned to practical account is the question which many will be disposed to ask in this intensely utilitarian age, when everything must submit to the test, what profit will it serve? If the report is really authentic, and if with the heart is conveyed the peculiar disposition of the person to whom it belonged, the possibilities of the discovery from the standpoint of moral reform are simply beyond reckoning. What a change would come over the face of society and how the Millennium would be hastened if by any means the hard-hearted oppressors, the protected monopolists who "grind the faces of the poor," the flinty-souled grabbers of this plutocratic time could be induced to exchange hearts with men of gentler and more compassionate spirits who desire, as such sometimes do, to quit a world where compassion is apt to torture the helpless possessor of it whose means of giving play to it are scant. In the light of such a vision one is led to exclaim, O that the wires have not deceived us and that Dr. Raphael Martinez has really been raised up as a savior of his generation and yet we are terribly harassed with doubts.

Domestic Hints

TURKEY-DRESSING CROQUETTES. There is so much richness and lasting material left over in cold scraps from turkey dinners that it may as well be utilized for croquettes. Stir a beaten egg into the dressing, mould into oval shapes, dust with bread crumbs and fry. Any morsel of the fowl left over can be minced finely and added, taking some of the gravy or giblets to complete the rich dish. The carcass of all fowls or game, pounded in a mortar, helps to make a black gravy or soup.

RICE DUMPLINGS.—Put your rice in a stew pan, and pour on each cup of rice one gill of milk; stand it near the fire where it will keep hot but not boil. As soon as it has absorbed all the milk, pare your apples, take out the cores, and put the rice around them instead of paste. Boil them until the apple is soft. They should be tied in dumpling cloths.

APPLE PUDDING. One pound of grated apple, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, six eggs, half a pint of cream, the juice and grated rind of one lemon: grate your apples; beat the butter and sugar very light, whisk the eggs and add to it, add the apples, cream, and lemon. Stir all together, line your pie plates with rich paste, pour in the mixture and bake it. A few currants may be added.

LEMON PIE. One smooth, juicy lemon, grate the rind and squeeze out the juice, straining it on the rind; one cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, in a bowl; one good sized cupful of boiling water in a pan on the stove. Moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch, and stir it into the water; when it boils, pour it over the sugar and butter, and stir in the rind and juice. When a little cool, add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Butter a deep plate, and cover all over with cracker dust (very fine crumbs). This is the crust; pour in the mixture, and bake. Then frost with the two whites, and brown.

BAKED OMELET.—One cupful of boiling milk; beat the yolks of four eggs, and add hot milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter; wet three teaspoonfuls of flour in a little cold milk, add the beaten whites, and beat all; salt and pepper well; bake twenty minutes. It is very appetizing.

It is the correct thing now to add a souvenir spoon to the conventional christening present of pap-bowl and mug.

GAN'S DARLING.

THE STORY OF A KIDNAPPING.

Gan?" I wish you could have heard the word as it dropped from the sweet, red lips of the little boy who stood looking up so wistfully into the tearful face of a woman who sat writing at a small table in a plainly furnished room.

The cottage that contained this and two other rooms was a small one. It was evident from the meagre furnishing that the inmates were not very well-to-do as far as this world's goods go.

The woman who sat writing had a delicate refined face, and her dark hair lay smoothly over an intellectual brow.

She was plainly dressed, even poorly so, and the slender hand that held the pen showed unmistakable evidences of menial labor.

The little fellow who stood by her side was her grandson, only child of an only son who had been lost at sea.

Out yonder, if you looked through the interlacing of the leaves of the trees which surrounded this wee home, you could see a low, narrow mound with a headstone scarcely a foot in height, bearing the simple, pure name of "Mary." There was nothing more to indicate who or what "Mary" lay beneath the grasses but it sufficed for the only two who really cared or who loved her; and that was enough, for "Mary" was the mother of "Gan's darling," who looked very little younger than her mother-in-law when she died.

Little Clair was two years old now, and a precious treasure indeed to the otherwise desolate woman.

Mrs. Garner was of gentle blood and came of a very wealthy family, but there had been some trouble between her stepmother and herself; and although she had incidentally learned of her father's death three years before, she never knew whether or not he had left her anything from his wealth.

She had been a widow for eight years and all her husband left her was this little cottage and the acre of ground surrounding it. So she did plain sewing, raised fruit and flowers and sold them and thus managed to exist.

Little Clair, whom she always called "Gan's darling," was an exceptionally beautiful child, with dark, dewy eyes, golden curls and rosy cheeks and lips. His ways were winning and his little heart seemed to ache in sympathy for anything that suffered.

To-day as his "Gan," as his baby lips called her, sat writing, he was busy at his play, but chancing to look up he caught sight of the tears on her face, and leaving his rude toys he came at once to her side.

"Gan?" The golden head tipped to one side, as though the word and gesture would bring smiles to her face, but she was answering a letter to an old-time school friend, and as she partly rehearsed her sad life the tears would come; so she quickly turned her head away that her darling's bright eyes might not see them. But he had already done so. And when she did not at once respond he stroked her black dress fondly with his tiny, dimpled hand, saying with little catches in his sweet breath:

"Poor Gan ky, poor Gan ky, Gan's dar'in' oves oo.

With a smothered sob Mrs. Garner caught up the child and held him close to her aching heart. Why for one moment should she call herself unhappy and desolate?

Surley this precious one made up for all her losses and sorrows.

It was a beautiful Summer day, so she put the unfinished letter away and holding the yielding little hand fast within her own, she took down his tiny straw hat from the wall and placed it over his curls, then tied a simple gingham bonnet on her own head and together they went out in the sweet-smelling weather.

She never forgot that day, it was so full of rare beauty.

The sun lay lovingly over the trees, grasses and flowers, while the fragrant air was filled with songs from feathered throats.

Somehow the deep sorrow which had held full sway such a short time before seemed suddenly swept away and she felt a rare exhilaration of spirits unknown for years.

Unconsciously she hummed a sweet, old love song and then laughed as merrily as the child who played by her side.

They went to the lone grave on the hillside and strewed it with flowers and "Gan's darling" "he'ped" and patted the long, green grass and then pressed his red lips to the moistened sod.

"Mamma's dove," he lisped, "dood-bye, mamma, us'll tum aden," then hand in hand the little, laughing, sweet-voiced child and the fond, loving grandmother walked softly away, down the narrow path that led to the music river.

They sat upon the bank and resting there "Gan's darling" threw brilliant flowers upon the waves and laughed aloud to see them dance in the sunlight, and then float softly, gently down the stream. With baby shouts he followed them with pebbles and with earnest eyes watched the widening circles.

The sun was low in the afternoon sky when they left the grassy shore. Reluctantly little Clair took "Gan's" hand as she told him:

"We must go home now."

"Taire want to tay," he said with a pretty pout, and as they walked along he continually bent his head in the direction of the receding water.

"Iver all don now," he lisped with a sigh, as they turned a bend in the road that led to their home.

Mrs. Garner securely fastened the picket gate, as she supposed, and leaving the little fellow in the yard, entered the house. Once she went to the door and saw the child busily playing and then hastened to prepare their simple evening meal.

When it was quite ready she went again, and not seeing him, called aloud; then she saw that the gate stood wide open.

"Oh, my baby!" she gasped, and ran swiftly down the garden path, calling as she went but no sweet voice answered her and as the shadows were beginning to fall, she hurriedly retraced her steps to the river side.

The moon was just coming over the distant hills and threw her rays of glory over the peaceful waters, singing on its winding way to the distant sea.

It was all very lovely and peaceful, no shadow of woe anywhere, and yet the very silence and beauty was madness to the agonized being that stood like a statue with hot, dry eyes, gazing wildly into space. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; great drops of moisture stood out upon her forehead and her slender fingers were linched until the blood lay in their palms.

With quick glances she looked about her and then started to run down the river bank, then came the lightning thought of her utter helplessness. Turning about she ran up the hill and, going to the first house, in agonized words she told her fear. The villagers were a simple, kindly people, but daylight still found them searching the river's depths for "Gan's darling" and still his little body was not discovered.

Two days more of anxious, earnest search and then the river was abandoned. The beautiful little form must have drifted on and on or sunk in the depths of the sand.

Then for days the life of Mrs. Garner hung upon a thread, but it seemed she could not die, though that was her daily, aye, hourly, pitiful prayer.

While yet she lay upon her sick bed hardly convalescent, a large, heavy letter was brought her, and as she felt too weak to read it she requested a friend to do so.

The bulky envelope contained numerous legal documents and a lengthy letter, informing her that as her stepmother was now dead, all the vast wealth and estates were hers, she being the only living relative of close kinship of her late father. It was also necessary that she take immediate possession of the old homestead, as the will so stated and required.

White, wan and thin she lay there, and for the first time since "Gan's darling's" loss the great tears rolled over her wasted face. Oh, if it had only been a few months earlier! How little she cared for wealth or grandeur now! but for her darling! Ah, how she had hoped and planned for him!

A letter was written by the friend who read this letter from the lawyers and returned at once, stating Mrs. Garner's illillness and promising to come as soon as she was able.

A few weeks more and the tiny cottage was rented (Mrs. Garner would not sell it) and she was on her way to her new old home.

Eight years passed away and good care, with sufficient food and rest, did much for Mrs. Garner, despite her great sorrow. She was a gentle, kindly mistress and her servants loved her. She was a noble philanthropist and little children were her delight. Sometimes she would think to take some child and love and raise it; but with the thought, the door of that secret chamber of her heart, where were enshrined her son and his precious baby boy, would close very softly and then at her ear would seem to hear the whisper, "Wait, not yet." And so the days moved on in peace and quietnes and plenty, with none to share it within hes doors.

One cold, bleak day in the early Fall, for some unknown reason Mrs. Garner felt unusually depressed. She was quite well and felt better, physically, than in years, and yet, "I feel so strangely," was her internal comment. Perhaps a walk in the air, though bleak, would restore her spirits. So she wrapped her rich sables about her and went out. Still the troubled unrest pursued her and she returned home feeling only the more deeply saddened.

"Ah, I know why it is," she whispered softly, as she sank into the depths of her easy chair, "this is the anniversary of Eugene's death." This was her son, the father of "Gan's darling."

Going to her dressing case she took his picture from its wrappings, and with it came little Clair's. For an hour or more she sat, gazing upon the two departed faces, then placing her son's away again she took the little boy's and went to her bedroom. Kneeling down she prayed softly, while her tears deluged the tiny, upturned, pictured face. At length she arose and hung it close by the head of the bed, just where her hand could reach it when she lay down. Then she went to a small trunk which stood in her dressing-room and took therefrom his little rude toys and his tiny garments. After fondling them, she placed the toys upon the floor near her bedside and the garments on a chair at its head. She talked in low, sweet tones and caressed the different articles as though each thing were the child himself.

A little later her maid brought her a light supper, which she was always in the habit of taking in her room.

"I shall not need you to-night, Martha," Mrs. Garner said, kindly, "I wish to be alone;" and so, after preparing everything for the night, the maid quietly left her.

For a long time Mrs. Garner sat, buried in deep reverie, reviewing the past. When the little ormolu clock on the mantel chimed ten, she arose and donning a soft white wrapper, unbound her hair, which was still dark and luxuriant, and removing her slippers lay down upon the outside of her bed. She reached out and drew the chair, where on the little garments rested, close to her side, then with the pictured face of "Gan's darling" in her hand she gently fell asleep. The hours crept by; then if one had been on the lower landing of the wide staircase, he would have heard strange whispered voices coming from the window in the rear of the hall, and felt the night air as it swept through the aparture. There was the sound, too, of shivered glass and a terrible oath; then something seemed to be forced through the opening and more smothered oaths were heard, with the added "and be devilish quick, too." The gas was turned low in the hall and the swarthy little image paused a moment and looked furtively about him. "Gad!" was his exclamation. Then he stealthily crept to the huge outside door and halted. It was heavily barred from the inside and in vain did the boy (for evidently he was that) try to lift the heavy bars from their sockets. With a muttered imprecation and a scowl upon his face, he sat down on the lowest stair. He understood what it meant not to obey orders, for his flesh was raw yet from recent kicks and blows

Taking a long breath, he turned about him and hurried up the velvet carpeted stairway. Somewhere a clock chimed two. Following the sound he stood before a richly carved door, stood and looked it over, then gently turned the knob. To his surprise it yielded and opened softly. As though drawn by invisible forces, he stepped into the room and the door swung to noiselessly. Just opposite him was a tall mirror. He caught sight of himself and walked up to it wonderingly. What he saw was a slight, childish figure, with big, dark eyes, long tangled hair and swarthy face, dark and sullen. His clothes were dirty and ragged and his bare toes protruded through a pair of old shoes, much too large for him. He glanced at himself with evident dissatisfaction, then turned around and began looking about the room. In size and height he did not look more than seven years of age. His hands were small and very dirty and his fingers like bird's claws.

He took another long breath as he looked about him and the warm air seemed very graceful to him. The room was furnished with great beauty and elegance and his big, dark eyes devoured it all with evident pleasure.

Suddenly he gave a quick start and put his hand to his mouth to smother a startled exclamation.

He had not apparently noticed that a bedstead stood in the room before and something moved on it. Apparently fearless, he crept softly up to it and, just as one dirty little hand held back the silken curtain, the sleeper, a woman, moved uneasily and murmured "Gan's darling," and then the picture that she had been holding close to her bosom while she slept fell from her hand and lay face up on the counterpane.

Breathless, with wide, staring eyes, the now half-frightened boy stood and looked down upon the picture.

For a moment he stood dazed and bewildered, and then he saw the tiny garments and then the rude toys scattered on the floor at his feet.

Again his great eyes sought the kind, sweet face of the peaceful sleeper.

"Gan!" he said in a low, hoarse, childish whisper and sank down upon the floor at the bedside.

For a little time he lay there and then he rose and brought a low stool and placed it by her side. Sitting down upon it, all in his filth and rags, he stole one of his little claw-like hands into that of the sleeper, who responded to it and clasped it firmly in her soft white one. Then the tangled head nestled itself among the dainty bed-clothes and he fell asleep.

The gray dawn crept through the rich curtains and as the sun rose it fell upon the head of the child and the face of the woman. Mrs. Garner awoke and felt the little hand within her own.

What did it mean? She raised her head and saw the little, gaunt form and pinched, hungry features of the child. Her heart was beating so tumultuously she thought she would die. As she moved, the quaint, ill-clad figure stirred and murmured "Gan," and sank away into a more profound slumber.

With the tears pouring from her eyes, and "I thank thee, oh, my God," upon her lips, Mrs. Garner sank softly upon her pillow and waited.

What seemed an eternity to the anxious, wondering woman was broken at length, and the tangle-haired boy lifted his head, yawned, stretched himself and looked up in her face in bewilderment.

When "Martha" came she was amazed to find her mistress fondling a "little beggar," coming from no one knew where; but she obeyed Mrs Garner's order and brought breakfast for two; then, as her mistress bade her, telephoned for her family physician.

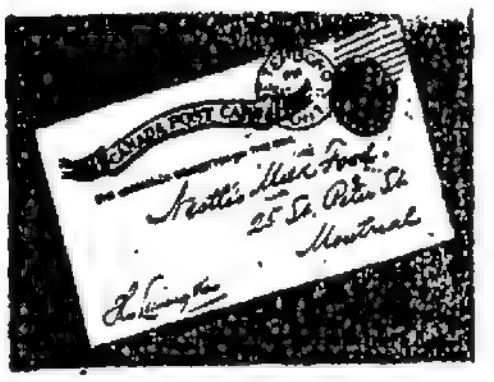
Before he came the boy had been bathed and clothed anew, and was sitting in Mrs. Garner's lap when the physician entered.

It was really the little Clair, "Gan's darling," so long ago mourned as drowned; and he was now ten years of age, but want and cruel treatment had done their worst for him.

He could not remember much at first, nor at any time, even after his mind had been restored, for he had evidently been drugged at some time; but when the pigment had been removed from his face, his features came out clear and plain, and a distinct likeness to "Gan's darling" was very apparent. It was very touching to see how he would sit for hours and hold his "Gan's" hand within his own and fondle it, whispering over and over, "Gan, my own Gan." Not a stone was left unturned to prove Mrs. Garner's claim, and when she took him back to the little cottage in the village on the river, every doubt vanished.

She did not tell him where she was taking him, and when they entered the little yard he paused, looked about him and then ran quickly to her side, as if in fear, "Oh Gan, let us go away, the bad men may open the gate again." She soothed him, led him through the tiny rooms, then down to the river. That, too, came back to him, and he began throwing flowers and pebbles in the water as of old.

"Gan's darling" is grown now, that terrible chapter in his life is almost forgotten. His life, too, seems wrapped up in that of his grandmother, whose sweet face looks out now from silver hair, and whose life's ending is like a beautiful dream, so full is it of happiness.



TO any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send two sample tins of Nestlé's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals. Nestlé's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation. The best and safest diet to protect infants against Summer Complaints.

Talk with your physician about it.

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Sole Agents,
25 St. Peter St., Montreal

THE BOWSERS.

"Look here," said Mr. Bowser, as he came home the other evening, "didn't I see a woman going out of the basement with a basket on her arm as I came up?"

"You probably did," replied Mrs. Bowser. "She was a poor woman who had burned her hand and couldn't work with it and I felt sorry for her."

"That's you—you to a dot! Never even saw her hand to know that her story was true!"

"But I did. It was a bad burn."

"And she gave you her street and number?"

"Yes."

"And you went there to see if it was all right?"

"No; I took her word for it."

"Took her word! Well, you are a soft mash! I'll bet $100 to a cent that she was the biggest kind of a fraud! She's probably grinning now as she thinks how nicely she soft-soaped you!"

"I think she was deserving of what I did for her," quietly replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Oh, yes—of course! Mrs. Bowser, let me give you a little advise. You were born in the country and"——

"Weren't you?"

"No, ma'am!"

"Weren't you born exactly one mile east of Podunk?"

"No! That is to say, I was born there, but I was reared"——

"In Podunk itself—a hamlet of thirteen houses and a cider mill!"

"Mrs. Bowser," he continued, after a moment, crossing his hands under his coat-tails and balancing himself heel and toe, "I want to define my position in this matter. You were born and brought up in the country. You have never had a chance to study human nature as I have. The average face is the index of the average mind, but you haven't learned to read facial expression."

"Have you?" she asked, as he halted for breath.

"Certainly. Indeed, it came natural to me. I can detect an unworthy person at a glance. I can almost tell what he is thinking of. From the mere glance I got at that woman's face I would wager my shoes against a toothpick that she is a chronic beggar and a wretched fraud."

"I can't believe it," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Indeed! What you can or cannot believe is of very little importance to a nation of 60,000,000 people, Mrs. Bowser. I say she was unworthy, and that settles it. However, I do not blame you so very much, as she probably told a very plausible story, but let this be the last time. I am just as charitable as the next man, and perhaps more so, but I want to know who I'm giving to."

"I can't help but believe she was just what she represented herself," protested Mrs. Bowser.

"That matter was definitely settled, Mrs. Bowser—definitely settled, understand—when I declared her unworthy. I will some day give you some instructions as to reading human nature, but until I do give to no more mendicants. You simply encourage fraud, vice, ignorance and crime. There's no telling but what your action in this case will land that woman behind prison bars to-morrow."

"I don't see how it could," she replied.

"Probably not. There's a great many things you haven't seen, can't see and never will see, Mrs. Bowser. When I am away give all such people the cold shoulder; when I am at home refer them to me. In that way no mistakes can possibly arise."

About 8 o'clock that evening the gate-bell rang, and pretty soon the cook came in and reported that there was a man outside who wanted money to pay for a night's lodging.

"Ah! Got the house located down fine, haven't they!" sarcastically exclaimed Mr. Bowser, who was reading his newspaper.

"Tell him we have nothing to give," said Mrs. Bowser to the cook.

"Tell him nothing of the kind!" added Mr. Bowser. "On the contrary, send him right in here. Here's a chance for you Mrs. Bowser to take a first lesson in reading human nature. See how quick I will turn him wrong side out! Move that chair out for him to sit down on."

A moment later the man was shown in. He was a tough-looking specimen of manhood, and looked as if he had tramped twice around the globe. There was rum in his breath and shavings in his hair, and had he ever appeared by daylight Mrs. Bowser would have shut the door on his toes.

"Well, sir?" sharply queried Mr. Bowser.

"It's a case of heart disease, sir, and I can't work," whined the man.

"Run out your tongue."

It appeared and vanished.

"Let me feel of your pulse!"

He extended a hand.

"My man," said Mr Bowser, "you have told me the truth. Your heart is very much affected. I also see by your face that you are an honest, truthful man. Here's a dollar for you. Good-night."

"And you call him deserving?" gasped Mrs. Bowser, after the tramp had slid out with an expression of the greatest amazement on his face.

"Certainly I do. Saw it the instant he entered the room. It's just as he says about his heart, and I ought to have given him twice what I did."

"If he isn't a tramp and a fraud then I don't know one," firmly replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Of course you don't, that's what I've been trying to tell you. I'd trust that man to carry my wallet all day. Little down at the heel, but thoroughly honest and conscientious. Hello! What's that?"

"Please, sir, but here's a policeman who wants to speak with you at the gate," said the cook from the hall door.

"Policeman?" That's funny. Where's my hat?"

Mrs. Bowser followed him out. There stood an officer and there stood the man Mr. Bowser had just given $1 to.

"Caught him carrying these things off, sir," said the officer as he pointed to a pail, an umbrella, the cook's shawl, several knives and a platter, which the scamp had picked up in the kitchen as the cook's back was turned."

"You—you did!" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, sir. He's a bad man, sir, a regular thief. I've sent him over the road three times myself."

"Is it possible! What have you got to say to all this, my man?"

"That you are about the ripest old pumpkin I ever shook for seeds!" answered the man in a hilarious voice.

When the officer had taken him away and they had returned to the sitting-room Mrs. Bowser looked at her liege lord and queried:

"Well!"

"Well what," he snapped.

"It seems you were mistaken."

"It doesn't seem anything of the sort! In his great mental excitement over receiving such a large sum of money the man absently picked up those things, and if not seized by the officer would have brought them back and apologized. I'll see to it to-morrow."

A Peculiar Traveler.

Noroste Dnya of St. Petersburg tells of an old "townman" who, according to its judgment, is the most noteworthy traveler of the present time. D. V. of Sitchevsk, government of Smolensk, does not travel for fame or to win a prize, but he makes long journeys on foot merely for the love of traveling. He is a sympathetic old man, a shoemaker, and of a very charitable disposition. For many years V. has made it his practice to start from home early in the spring and to travel about in the country until late in the autumn. He has covered many thousands of versts throughout the length and breadth of Smolensk and neighboring governments. He carries with him in a hand-cart a change of clothing, a supply of provisions for two or three days, a little samovar (Russian tea kettle), and a few tin utensils. It makes no difference to him where night overtakes him, in the fields or in the forest; he quietly builds a little fire, prepares his modest meal, drinks a few cups of tea, and lies down to sleep until the morning wakes him. Rain does not disturb him; he covers his wheelbarrow and himself with an oilcloth and travels on or sleeps peaceably, as the case may be. If he stays over night in a village, or makes a stop at a farmhouse, all the children he meets get little presents from him—toys or pieces of sugar for which he has no special compartment in his vehicle. In September he returns home. The first thing he does is to buy a number of sheepskins, which he works up into fur coats and gloves and distributes among the poor peasants who have to chop wood in the forest for a living. When this is done he sits down at his cobbler's bench to "work for himself." He always gets plenty of work to do, and lays by during the autumn and winter as much as he needs for his travels in the fair seasons of the year. If he has more than he thinks he may need he gives it away to poor peasants before he starts on his regular trip

Princess Beatrice may be said to be decidedly stout, as she weighs 210 pounds.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

IN A RUSH

TO stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for "SURPRISE SOAP" and use the "SURPRISE WAY" without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. STOP now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

Wonderful Invention.

Science has long been accustomed to regard friction as the one invincible and universal force which effectually obstructs and limits all devices for saving power in the running of machinery. Friction it is, we were taught in our school days, which makes the dream of perpetual motion a folly. But modern science and ingenuity have constantly overcome one difficulty after another in the process of applying the forces of nature to practical uses, until at last, if the statements in a recent number of the Washington *Post* may be relied on, friction itself has been abolished and the way opened up to another development in the use of labour-saving machinery which bids fair to throw all its predecessors, with two or three great exceptions, into the shade. The invention consists in the use of hardened steel ball bearings for all wheels, pulleys, or revolving shafts.

"The pulleys," says the *Post*, "which have been in operation at the power house of the Washington and Georgetown Railroad Company for several weeks have demonstrated to the satisfaction of a great number of scientific and practical men, many of them attendants upon the late Patent Congress, and others of high and authoritative standing in the Government Departments, that the abolishment of friction, which has long been the dream of a multitude of original thinkers, is finally an accomplished fact. Two of the pulleys mentioned have been in use for three weeks, carrying the railway cable, requiring no attention, generating no heat, and performing their work admirably in all respects. Two other pulleys have been running for about ten days and twelve hours a day, merely for exhibition, one of which is driven with a thread of No. 200 spool cotton to a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute, without oil or any other lubricant and absolutely without heating; the plane surfaces that are exposed to the bearings and the bearings themselves being at no time raised above the normal temperature of cold steel. It is thus conclusively shown that where no heat is developed there is no friction, and if no friction there is no wear."

We suppose the terms "no heat" and "no friction" are intended to be understood as at least slightly hyperbolical. The absolute destruction of friction is inconceivable, so long as the contact is kept up, whether at one point or a hundred. But it can well be believed that hardened ball bearings, presenting to a plane surface but one point of contact, may be, as claimed, practically indestructible by attrition. Certainly if the invention virtually annihilates friction, prevents heating and does away with the necessity for lubricating oils, there can be no limit to its applicability. The *Post* says that it has been already successfully introduced in the running gear of ordinary vehicles, to the great saving of horse-power and entire relief from the annoyance and unsightliness of the grease that is now the common disfigurement of carriage axles. But if available for carriages why not for railway engines and coaches, and a thousand other uses, with great saving of power and expense? We shall expect to hear more about this wonderful invention. It is in its favour, rather than otherwise, that the principle is so simple that a child may understand it, for that has been characteristic of most of the great inventions.

It is announced in Albany that Bishop Doane is to receive from Cambridge, England, the honorary title of doctor of laws.

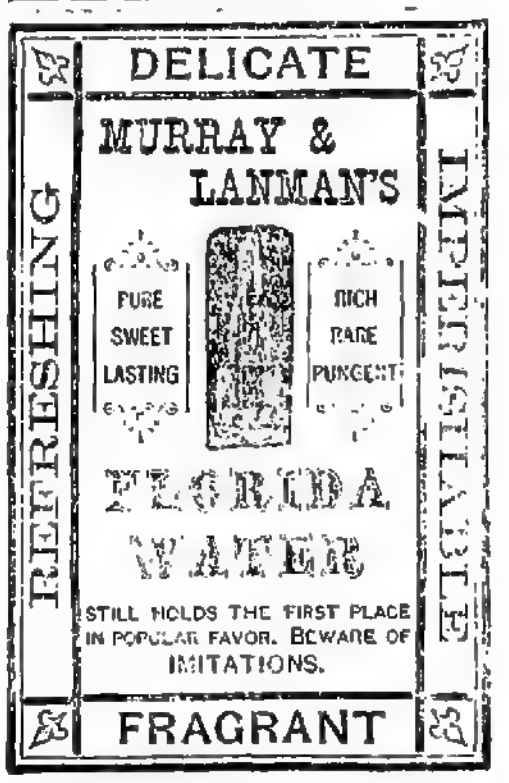
The Monster Condor.

Up among the cold, white peaks of the Andes, higher than human foot has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck slowly circling in the clear air. The speck gradually descends, and we see that it is the largest bird of the air—the condor. Its flight is swifter than the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow of wing. Swiftly descending, strong, cruel, hungry, he fastened his horrid eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely is it able to escape or hide from its enemy; successful resistance is impossible. The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power of grasp, and the sharpness of its claws is in time worn off on the hard rocks which are its home; so, standing upon the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor animal with his powerful beak and his other foot.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor, after his dinner, becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then that he can be approached with safety; but even now the hunter must be cautious and strong. If the condor does not reach an untimely end by violence, it is, according to all accounts, very long-lived. The Indians of the Andes believes that he lives for a hundred years

The condors' homes seem just suited for birds so ugly and fierce. They build no nest, but the females selects some hollow in the barren rock that shall be large enough to shelter her from the strong winds while she is hatching her eggs. Here, in the midst of a dreadful desolation, the ugly little condors begin their cries for food, and after they are six weeks old begin attempting to use their wings. The parents manifest the only good trait they possess in the care for their young, feeding and training them to fly, so that in a few months they are able to hunt for themselves after the grim fashion of their elders.

An English head servant gave notice that he would leave, for being excluded from the dining room during the family repast and thus losing the dinner's stories.



Tempting a Clergyman.

A prominent clergyman who is the representative in New York of a large publication society in Philadelphia recently found two strange men waiting for him in his parlor. They had a letter of introduction from the head of the Philadelphia society. The clergyman read it, and found that his visitors were detectives, and that their mission was to arrest a young man who had obtained employment in the office of the society in Philadelphia on the strength of a letter of recommendation written by the clergyman, and, a few days after he was put to work, had disappeared with a sum of money belonging to the society. The letter writer asked the clergyman to assist the detectives in finding the whereabouts of the thief. The clergyman was nearly overcome by the discovery of the young man's crookedness. He even ventured to doubt that it could be true. He recalled the young man's mother, one of the most devout and sweetest members of his congregation when he was pastor of a church up town six or seven years ago, and he remembered that she was now a widow. He pictured the boy—or rather one of the boys, for they were twins, and so near alike that only their intimate friends could tell one from the other—and he felt tempted to give the detectives no information. Then he decided that it was his duty as a clergyman and a good citizen to help carry out the laws of his country. He told the detectives to wait awhile in the parlor and he would go up stairs and try to find in some old letters the address of the young man's mother. He had not seen her for several years and had forgotten her residence.

While he was overlooking his papers there was a ring at the door bell.

Presently the servant came up and told the clergyman that a young man in the back parlor wanted to see him. He came down and was dumbfounded to find himself face to face with one of the twins. He fervently hoped that it was not the one that the detectives in the front room were looking for, and he asked with some hesitation, "Are you George or John?" The young man answered, "I am George." Then a great temptation came up in the clergyman's mind. Should he open the back window and let the son of the widow escape into the yard? No: he would do justice. But he was determined that the young man should not be arrested in his house. He excused himself to the young man and went into the front parlor. He walked up to the detectives and said impressively, because he felt that he was now acting as an agent of God, who, he believed, had sent the young man to him: "The one you are looking for is in the other room." Both detectives sprang to their feet as if dynamite had been set off under their chairs, and wanted to go immediately into the back room and arrest the young man. But the clergyman motioned them back to their seats, and said: "You may arrest him, but you must not do it in my house. Go out on the street and wait for him there. He will be the first person to come out of the house." So the detectives went out, and the clergyman, pale with suppressed excitement, returned to the back parlor and talked for a few minutes with the young man about his family and home. Then the young man left.

One of the detectives had stationed himself a few hundred feet east of the house, and the other stood about the same distance west of it. The young man walked eastward, and the detective quickly followed him. At Lexington avenue both detectives, without letting the few observers who were around know that they were making an arrest, simultaneously approached the young man from the rear, and quietly slipped their arms, after the manner of sportive friends, under the arms of the young man. He was as good at simulation as they were, and nobody guessed that they had told him the moment they locked arms with him that he was their prisoner. The clergyman says simply that it was a case of Providence. The young man may not look at it in that light.

Old Things the Best.

It was her third season out, and De Ville, who was watching the "buds," found it hard to talk to her. At last he said:

"That's a beautiful bracelet you are wearing, Miss Passe."

"Do you think so? Popper gave it to me on my last birthday. I think it looks like new. Do you know, Mr. De Ville, I like jewels best when they are old."

"Ya'as, they seem more like yourself, I suppose," he said, and he wondered at the icy silence that fell upon them.

Yellow silk with glace figures for house gowns and carriage toilets.

A Sea Monster.

Last Friday night the pilotboat Lady Mine, Capt. Steve Castle, was lying becalmed about ten miles southwest of the main Farallones, says the San Francisco *Examiner*. Not a ship was in sight and the captain improved the opportunity to shift the schooner's canvas for her lighter summer suit. All hands were engaged on the work, and to secure more room the yawlboat used for boarding vessels was heaved over the side and made fast astern by six or eight fathoms of painter.

The sea was full of whales, lolling about on the glassy surface, playing and blowing, and emitting an unpleasant, oily odor, as whales are wont to do when the sun is shining, the air is still, and the water smooth. One particularly big fellow of the finback variety, commonly called California grays, manifested much interest and came alongside to investigate. The first notice of his approach was received from a tremendous flock of small seabirds that skimmed along the surface, flying down to snatch their food of parasites every time the whale came to the surface. All the birds flew away when the whale sounded a cable's length from the Lady Mine, and the crew thought he had taken his departure. In this they were erroneous, for in about two minutes the schooner set up a violent rocking, a huge black bulk suddenly loomed up alongside, there was a sound as of escaping steam, and half the deck was wet with a cloud of ill-smelling spray.

It was an awful big whale for a finback. It was longer than the Lady Mine, which measures eighty-three feet.

When he came up he touched the schooner, but did it very gently, not with a jar or a bump, but with a slow upheaval that simply shoved the vessel off sideways and careened her over a little until her round bottom slid off the monster's back. The whale appeared highly delighted, and repeated the performance. For two hours he was never 200 yards from the Lady Mine, and half the time when he was above water the crew could have touched him by simply extending their hands over the side. A dozen times he rubbed against her side, but always with the same gentleness that characterized his first contact, and often his huge fin protruded above the rail as big as a boat sail.

He was an old bull and his back and head were literally covered with barnacles. It was to rid himself of these that he rubbed up against the boat the crew soon learned. Several times it looked very scary to see the terrible bulk rising swiftly from the depths of the clear water, but he was considerate enough to always slacken speed just before striking, so that the contact amounted to no more than a gentle push.

The crew did not mind the whale using the Lady Mine for a backscratcher as long as he continued good natured about it, but they did protest against the odor and finally made an attempt to drive him away. The boatkeeper prodded him with a sharp-pointed spinnakerboom just as he rose near the schooner's stern.

Down he went like a flash and in his flurry he breached directly across the little yawl's painter, which was hanging slack a foot or so beneath the surface of the water. One of his flukes caught the line and as the several tons of blubber and whalement went down the yawl boat went too. The bow plunged under with a terrific dash and the oars and loose bottom boards of the boat flew for yards around in all directions.

The entire boat was lost to sight for over a minute, when it popped up like a cork, full of water, but right and tight and perfectly unmjured. The crew used garnished language, bailed the boat out, gathered up the gear that strewed the surrounding ocean, and hauled the rescued craft aboard.

The whale manifested no anger whatever, but returned in a few minutes as if nothing had happened. He rubbed off a couple or three more barnacles as gently as before, flirted his monstrous tail contemptuously, and took his departure.

Waste of Religious Funds.

BY THE REV. N. G. CLARK, D. D.

The article under this head in The Christian Union of April 9 is one that may well arrest the attention of all interested in the promotion of missions at home and abroad. The waste of funds in our home communities in sustaining rival denominations, with all the attendant expense of separate church edifices and preachers, while agreeing in the essentials of Christian truths, is crippling our great benevolent societies and delaying the world's evangelization, but "the evil of dividing the body of Christ into separate and rival factions in Christian lands" is by no means as disastrous abroad as it is at home, where it uses up funds that ought to be used for the support and enlargement of the work abroad.

Dr. Barrows says: "Japan has twenty-six missionary organizations to make known the one way and truth and life; India has thirty-eight, and China thirty-nine." The inference drawn by Dr. Barrows is hardly a just one, that all this is "humiliating and painful;" it would be so were there not ample room for all without interfering one with another. As it is, in view of the very scanty supply of Christian teachers, it is rather a matter of congratulation that so many religious bodies are at work in these different countries. In Japan there is not yet one ordained preacher, foreign or Japanese, to 100,000 souls, and not yet one believer to 1,000 souls. In China the proportion is still less, their being hardly an evangelical preacher, including missionaries and native helpers of all kinds, to 150,000 souls, and scarce one believer to 10,000. In India the proportion is one ordained preacher, missionary or native, to about 200,000 souls, and one believer to 2,000. In these countries there is certainly room enough yet for missionaries without jostling one another; still much land to be possessed, still a call for foreign missionary work.

While differences of polity and doctrine are to be regretted so far as they attract the notice of the native population among whom the missionaries labor, they are far less unfavorable than they might at first seem. Missionaries have other work to take up their time and attention matters in which they differ far more than at home. They recognize that they are brethern in Christ. Witness their conferences together, their loving sympathy one with another. The burden resting on them, in view of the multitudes on every hand accessible to effort, turns their attention to the one great business of winning men to Christ and establishing Christian institutions. Probably one-tenth of the missionaries have not neighbours near enough to make it easy to have any trouble over denominational methods, even if they were disposed to do so. Now and then some poor specimen of a man gets into the foreign field and makes some trouble over some denominational question, or attempts proselyting from another's field, but it is the fault of the *man* rather than of the missionary, and sheep-stealing abroad is regarded much as it is at home.

It is only in the large centers like Bombay, Tokyo, and Pekin that funds might be saved by uniting in the support of higher Christian institutions of learning, of colleges and theological seminaries, and in the production of a Christian literature. An exception should perhaps be made in reference to some of the smaller mission fields, as in Mexico, Syria, and Persia, and, after another decade, possibly, in Japan; but at present there is little danger of waste of funds from an undue multiplying of evangelical agencies in the foreign field. Rather would we commend Mr. Barrows's article to the practical regard of churches and Christians in the home field, that the means in men and money may be available for a tenfold enlargement of the work abroad.

Dangers of Dirt.

An Italian physician has recently been investigating the dust gathered from the pavement of the barracks. He inoculated fifteen guinea pigs with this dust, all of which died with tetanus, or lockjaw, within a week. It is quite possible that house dust may be the cause of lockjaw, rather than nerve irritation, as has been heretofore supposed. It seems, in fact, probable that this disease is due to infection of the wound with dirt from the ground, floors, or other similar sources. Apropos of the subject we quote the following paragraph from the *Sanitary Inspector*:—

"This may all be taken as again emphasizing the importance of cleanliness, and of the danger from dirt. Modern surgery has learned the fateful significance of filth, the dire consequences which may follow a trace of dirt upon the hands, beneath the nails, upon the bandages; and outside the medical ranks it should be common knowledge, not only that wounds are to be guarded from any possible source of pollution, but that infection comes not always directly from sick to well. The half-washed hands of the nurse may carry the germ of typhoid fever from the patient to her own food or to that of others; the hand soiled with tuberculous expectoration needs more than a careless washing to free it from the possibility of carrying infection; the emanations from a case of scarlet fever or diphtheria may be absorbed by the milk placed too near the sick room, and so carry disease and death to distant homes.

George Francis Train has arrived at Yokohama on his trip around the world.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet, and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

The new chatelaine watch chains are made in two styles, with pins and hooks. Some women prefer one and some the other.

MUCH BETTER,
Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
—Of Lime and Soda.—

IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

The Rothschilds will send £1,000,000 in bullion from London to Russia to-day.

A Love Song In M Flat.

"My modest, matchless Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean—
My modulated monotones."

This young man stayed out too late, serenading his lady love. He caught cold, which developed into catarrh, but he cured it with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, a sovereign specific for chronic cases, "Cold in the Head," Catarrhal Headache. It corrects the tainted breath, stops the offensive discharges, heals the irritated throat and nose, leaving the head clear, and smell and taste unimpaired. It costs but 50c, and the proprietors offer in good faith $500 for a case they cannot cure.

Earth has no other joy like unto that of the woman who has made eighteen calls and found everbody out.

You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will cure your sick headache. Your stomach and bowels need cleansing, and these Pills will accomplish it more effectually and comfortably than any other medicine you can find.

"Bickles back after a six months' stay in France." "Did he learn the French language?" "No; all he did was to forge English."

Why Struggle.

Why struggle with exhausting diseases when you may be promptly cured by the use of nature's remedy— Burdock Blood Bitters—the perfect cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache and all forms of bad blood from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

The original whale was quite a male-carrier, but Jonah probably first impressed upon him the need of a free-delivery system.

Weighed in the balance, but not found wanting. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery & Dyspeptic Cure has been weighed in that just balance, the experience of an impartial and intelligent public. Both remedially and pecuniarily it is a success. Its sales constantly increase, testimony in its favor is daily pouring in. The question of its efficacy in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Ailments, and for Blood Impurity, is decided.

Umbrella Mender: Haf no fear. I always charge more for mending dan I could sell zee umbrella for."

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition.—[The American Analyst. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners; 5 cents.

Bereaved Widow—"Why, doctor, you have the effrontery to charge me $500 for treating my dear dead husband, and he died after all." Doctor—"Well, but didn't you collect $25,000 life insurance? Ain't I entitled to a commission!"

M. A. St. Mars, St. Boniface, Manitoba, writes: "*Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and has cured myself of a bad cold in one day."

Citizen: "Yes, I have an umbrella that needs mending; but if I let you have it you might not bring it back."

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Like Paralysis.

"For years I suffered with my back which sometimes became as if paralyzed. I suffered awful agony for months and could not sleep, but now, thanks to your Burdock Blood Bitters, I am strong again, have no pain and can work well, eat well, and sleep well."—Mrs. Hammerton, 23 Charlotte St., Toronto.

It is sometimes easier for a man to complete a round of pleasure than it is for him to make things square afterwards.

It is now generally known that many cases of consumption of long standing as well as advanced cases of catarrh and asthma have been permanently cured by SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. This famous medicine is manufactured at 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., and every druggist in Canada has it for sale.

The Prefect of Belgrade has been placed upon the retired list owing to the Servian Government's disapproval of the manner in which Queen Natalie's expulsion was carried out.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Why his Wife is "Fidgety."

I have the best cook in the town,
Whose bread is delicious and white;
Her coffee is fragrant and brown,
Her pastry a perfect delight.
But she daily complains of the worry they bring—
She's my own darling wife, but a fidgety thing!

Your wife is worn out, and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the only medicine *guaranteed* to cure debilitated women. How many overworked American ladies we see with lack-lustre eyes and haggard faces, growing old before their time, from those exhausting ailments that men know nothing of. They can be permanently cured by this remedy, as numberless grateful women will attest. Price refunded, if it fails to give satisfaction in every case. See *guarantee* printed on bottle-wrapper.

Never ask an idle man to do anything for you. It is only the busy man who can find time to do anything more.

The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

He called her little "Sweetie"
When the arrow pierced his heart,
But saw, when he had married her,
She was a little tart.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

The rate of taxation will be 19½ mills on the dollar in Winnipeg this year.

Dyspepsia.

This disease may be traced to a variety of causes, such as constipation, liver troubles, improper food, etc. There is one cure—Burdock Blood Bitters—which may be thoroughly relied on to effect a permanent cure. It has cured obstinate cases of 25 years standing.

Cleverton: "I don't see why you leave the mountains so early and come down into the hot city. Where you were it must have been cold enough for an overcoat." Dashaway: "It was." Cleverton: "Then why didn't you stay?" Dashaway; "I didn't have any overcoat."

How well we remember grandmother's attic, so fragrant with medicinal roots and herbs! Poor old soul, how precious they seemed to her! And yet one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would do more good than her whole collection of "yarbs."

A telegram from Quebec says:—A young woman was picked up on the Beauport road this afternoon suffering from the effects of poison, and conveyed into one of the houses by the road side. When she was discovered she was leaning over the fence and Paris green coming out of her mouth. She was unconscious at the time and died soon after. It is evidently a case of suicide. The deceased is an unknown stranger here.

The proper channel for the escape from the system of impurities which would, if they remained, poison the blood, is through the bowels. When this outlet is obstructed it may be disencumbered with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a remedy which regulates the system, invigorates digestion, and is pure and safe as well as effective. It cures all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

The good die young. The others become oldest inhabitants and lie about the weather, their ages and everything else.

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners; 5 cents.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

20 Miles to Procure Medicine.

Winfield, Ont.

W. H. Comstock, Brockville.

Dear Sir:—Am selling your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" in this locality. I have customers who come 20 miles for the sake of getting Morse's Pills. This speaks for itself as to their value. I use them in our family with "the most satisfactory results." My wife has been cured of *sick headache* by their use. We could not do without them.

Yours, etc.,
A. Krampien.

Some Strange Misnomers.

Much of the Russia leather comes from Connecticut, Bordeaux wine from California, Italian marble from Kentucky, French lace from New York, and Spanish mackeral from the New Jersey coast. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes from Buffalo, N. Y. but there is nothing in its name to criticise for it is truly golden in value, as thousands gladly testify. Consumption is averted by its use, and it has wrought many positive cures. It corrects torpid liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, banishes dyspepsia and scrofula, renews the lease of life, and tones up the system as nothing else will do. What is more, it is *guaranteed* to do all this, or the price is refunded.

Mashonaland, the territory in dispute between Great Britain and Portugal, is a high table-land, cool and healthy, but bordered on all sides by a malarial region. Portugal and England both make claim to it. The possession of this territory is of peculiar importance since it is the key of the South African portion, and commands the Zambesi and the great interior of the continent. Through the South Africa Company Great Britain is now endeavouring to enter into possession of it. Portugal, which has never occupied it, though for two hundred years it has held its outskirts, disputing her right to do so and resisting her action. The course of the Portuguese Ministry is a strange one, since it is plainly to be foreseen that England at whatever cost will not forego possession of the territory.

A Canadian Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhœa, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

The population of Bengal, which is returned at 71,003,457, shows an increase of 4,413,904 on the last census.

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say it has done more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organ, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

It is best to strive to cultivate an interest in simple, innocent and inexpensive pleasures. We may thus aid in diffusing that spirit of contentment which is of itself a rich and a permanent possession.

A Sure Basis of Popularity.—Merit, apparent to a "cloud of witnesses," upon which the popularity of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is founded. Throat and lung complaints, pain, soreness, stiffness, swellings, burns and ailments of various other kinds, yield to the action of this speedy and safe remedy.

A certain gentleman whose chin is greater than his generosity said to a friend: "If you didn't smoke such fine cigars you could live in a brown stone house." "Do you live in a brown stone house?" "Yes, I do." "Well, if you didn't live in a brown stone house you could smoke as fine cigars as this."

Health cannot be maintained without good digestion. Try Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum as an electual remedy for indigestion. Sold everywhere 5 cents.

Vigilant Care.

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe guard.

The Indian Plenty-Horses has been acquitted of the murder of Lieut. Casey during the late outbrake in Dakota, the judge charging the jury to that effect.

Pope & Bitlan, druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, write: "We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the customer and pleasure to the seller as *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*. We can refer you to numbers that have used it for Diphtheria with entire satisfaction and success."

The failure of the Charleston to catch the Etata prompts the New York *Tribune* to reflect upon the general problem of naval construction. Mr. Tracy, secretary of the navy department, has just been saying that United States cruisers are the fastest in the world. The trouble with them is that they have yet to prove it.

How to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Chew Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all Druggists and Confections; 5 cents.

Senator McInnes, of British Columbia, gave notice of motion for the appointment of a committee to report on the advisability of establishing a mint in the Dominion capable of coining all the gold, silver, and copper currency needed in Canada.

Complexion Specialist—During the past few years there has been a wonderful advance in the knowledge of skin diseases. This information has developed a method of correcting and beautifying the complexion. By reference to our advertising columns will be found the announcement of Mrs. C. LeRoy the first and only complexion specialist in Canada. Her extended experience has given her a firm and well earned popularity, while her preparations have received the approval of physicians and chemists. We cheerfully recommend Mrs. LeRoy to our readers.

Proceedings to dissolve the New York Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company, on the ground that it has been doing a fraudulent business, have been brought by the attorney-general.

Distrustful People.

Make an exception in favor of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Its known virtues as a cure for diarrhœa, dysentry, cholera morbus and all bowel complaints cause all who use it to regard it as the most reliable and effectual remedy obtainable.

Russel Harrison, son of the president, says his father will not be a candidate for the presidency in 1892 unless the Republican leaders insist on it.

A complete revolution in the state of a stomach harassed by Dyspepsia is caused by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, or great blood purifier, a medicine specially adapted to renew healthful activity in that organ and in those which most closely co-operate with it, the bowels and the liver. Easy digestion, an increase of appetite and a free secretion of bile, mark the radical change which it produces.

R. Moffat Neale, deposed some time ago from the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of London, Ont., has been ejected from the pastorate of the Universalist church of Athens, Pa.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in recommending *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

Judge Breckenridge, of St. Louis, while speaking at the Presbyterian General Assembly in Detroit fell dead from heart disease.

Singers and public speakers chew Adams Tutti Frutti Gum to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents.

A theatre for coloured actors will probably soon be erected in Philadelphia. It will be the only play-house of the kind in America.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

Every change is not a change for the better. So thinks Henry Holt, a contributor to the June *Forum*. Referring to the present generation and the sources from which they seek their mental supplies, Mr. Holt says: "The book-buying habit has fallen off; the pamphlet-buying habit has taken its place. The pamphlet soon finds its way to the waste basket, which, in many cases, it should never have risen above, and the permanent possessions of the household are less than they ought to be by one book. The average American citizen's source of intellectual pabulum is now the "news stand." It and the toy shop with piles of pamphlet "libraries" at one end have too generally succeeded the bookstore. The old habit of dropping into the bookstore and buying the latest good thing—latest in form or matter—is now indulged in by few people and in relatively few places."

This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Helps Clean House.

Some people don't like to clean house. Mamma 'spises it, and so does Minnie. I just 'joy it, and Freddy thinks its el'gant.

Next to 1st of July, and Christmas, and Thanksgiving, and New Years and birthdays, I like it better'n any other time. When mamma said she guesed she'd 'mence housecleaning next week, Uncle Jack said he was going to Toronto to stay two weeks, and papa said he wished he could go.

Minnie said she was going, and teased till mamma asked Uncle Jack to take her. I told Uncle Jack to give my love and a kiss to Aunt Grace, and tell her I was 'tained at home helping clean house else I'd have come to.

The day 'fore we 'menced cleaning a ac'dent happened to nurse. She was going down the back steps and she walked on a piece of soap I left there when I made some suds to blow soap bubbles, and fell down and hurt her arm. She made more fuss than I did when I cut my finger and it bled more'n three quarts, and went right off home. Mamma was 'pletely scomboozed. She said it would take her all her time to take care of the twins, and she didn't see how Jennie could do all the work and clean house too.

I told her I'd help Jennie and soon's it was done I'd take care of Pete and she and Freddy could 'tend to Rose, and then we wouldn't have to have that cross old nurse 'round saying "hush, hush," all the time.

So mamma stayed in the nursery with the twins, and Jennie and I 'menced cleaning the next day. Course I was sorry the ac'dent happened, but no one was to blame for it. 'Sides that, it spoiled my piece of soap. But I guess it was a blessing in 'sguise, like grandma tells 'bout, for we've got rid of that old cross-patch nurse anyhow. But grandma don't think house-cleaning is a blessing in 'sguise, 'cause she went right off, too, and stayed at Aunt Mary's till it was all done.

The first room we cleaned was the one up stairs where comp'ny always sleeps. Jennie took the tacks out of the carpet and I held the dish to put 'em in. She had to go down stairs for something, and I thought I'd finish. The tacks stuck awful and I jammed 'em with the thing you poke 'em out with, but that made so many holes in the carpet I had to stop.

I was so 'voked at the old thing I threw it out of the window and it fell right in the well.

Then I went and told mamma a ac'dent had happened to her old tack puller. "Dear, dear!" mamma said, "that was the only one we had, and now we have to send clear to the village to get another." "Oh mamma!" I said, "can Freddy and I go with the hired man when he goes for it?" She said 'no' real cross, and we both 'menced to cry and holler, then she said we could.

We had a b'uful ride, I drove down and Freddy drove back. We got two tack things but when I asked mamma to let me take one, she wouldn't, I never knew her to be so selfish before.

When Jennie got the the carpet up the hired man put it on the clothes line and whipped it with a big stick.

I got a stick and helped him. But mine was a piece of lath and had a nail in it, and it made holes worse'n that old tack puller. Then I ac'dently hit him with it, and he said some awful swear words, and I went and told mamma, she said to keep 'way from him, and go help Jennie wash windows. We washed 'em in a tub in the wood-house. I held the soap dish and cloth, and handed 'em to her when she wanted 'em. Then we put 'em on the back stoop. Freddy had a lot of stones in his wagon, and was playing draw a load of coal. Jennie said she was afraid I'd work too hard, and I'd better go and play with him awhile. So I went, and the first thing I knew a big black fly got on one of the windows, and walked on the clean glass with his dirty feet. I took a stone and threw at him. When he saw it coming he dodged it, and it hit the window and made the glass all full of little cracks.

I went and told mamma another ac'dent had happened. "Oh dear!" she said "what have you done now, Tooty?" "Nothing, mamma," I said. "It was a fly."

The next day papa was going to the village, and he asked Freddy and me if we wanted to go and I said I'd like to, if mamma could spare me. She said she could and we went.

I didn't know papa 'tended to stay all day, but he did, and then Aunt Jane wanted us to stay all night, and papa said he was 'fraid she'd feel bad if we didn't so we stayed. I told him to tell mamma I'd be back in the morning and not to clean any till I got there.

But Uncle Tom didn't get time to take us home till the next day night, and then Mrs Ryan was there, and they'd get the upstairs all cleaned

I was so 'spointed I 'menced to cry, but Mrs. Ryan said she'd left all the hardest part down stairs till I got back.

The next day we cleaned the parlor, but we had ter'ble bad luck. Mrs. Ryan had on a b'uful sun bonnet when she worked, so I put Rose's lace cap on. But it wasn't big 'nough, and it fell in a pail of water and got wet, and mamma slapped me for wearing it.

We put all the furniture in the hall and on the v'randa. I took all the chairs and made a train of cars, and had Freddy and the cat for pas'gers. We had a big red chair for the engine, and I rode in that and jumped up and down in it and said "hoo! hoo!" and puffed just like a real engine.

But my shoes were muddy, and they got the cushion a little dirty. So I took my hand'chief and wet it in a pail of water Mrs. Ryan had been mopping in, and washed it, and Freddy took his hand'chief and washed the other chairs, but the sun shone on them and they dried in streaks like clothes do sometimes, and they didn't look good.

Then I told Freddy we'd better wash the looking glass. So he took hold of one end of it, and I took the other, and we carried it down the steps and into the front yard and laid it on the grass. Then we went and got the pail of water we washed the chairs in. I told Freddy we'd throw the water on the glass same's Jennie did at the windows.

So we both took hold of the pail and swung it so's the water'd spatter good. And it flew out of our hands, and jumped right on the glass and broke it all to pieces.

It made an awful crack when it broke, and mamma and Mrs. Ryan and Jennie came running out.

"Ouch!" Mrs. Ryan said, "you've broke the glass, and it's a bad sign, and now ye'll ve death in the family sure!"

Mamma most cried 'bout the glass, so I gave her two five cent pieces out of my bank to buy another one, and she felt better. Then a man came to paper the dining-room. I tried to help him, but he called me a "troub'some snipe" 'cause I tipped over the dish of pancake batter he stuck the paper on the wall with, and 'stead of tending to his work he kept going out in the kitchen, and whispering to Jennie. I guess he's a beau by the de'lous way he acts, and I got 'scouraged waiting for him to finish and went at the papering myself.

I took a roll of paper and cut it in pieces and stuck it on the wall as high as I could reach. He had some elegant borde'ing, and I put all of that on, 'cept what I saved to make paper doll's dresses.

When he came back, 'stead of being grateful, he flew round like a hen with her head cut off, and called mamma. When she saw what I'd done she sat down in a chair 's if she was tired. The man said he'd have to send to the city for more bord'ring, and he couldn't get the room done in a week. I said, "Mamma, what makes you let the old slowpoke do it? Jennie and I could paper it in an hour.

In the morning papa 'vited me to ride over to Aunt Mary's with him. And when I was out in the barn seeing the little red calf, he went home 'thout me.

I s'posed he'd come for me at night, but he didn't come for more'n fifty days. Last he came, and grandma and I went home with him. And just as I 'spected, the house was all cleaned, and Mrs. Ryan had gone home. But that sign 'bout some one's dying if you break a looking glass is a true one, for the day after I got home Freddy broke his black boy doll I gave him Christmas.

Juvenile Criminality.

One of the most important subjects discussed in the Prison Reform Commission's report, which was the other day laid on the table of the House of Assembly, is that of juvenile criminality. For several years our country has witnessed a steady increase of youthful offences, that is, offences committed by persons under sixteen years of age. Taking the whole of the Dominion, the percentages for the years 1884, '85, '86, '87, and '88, were respectively, 10.13, 10.24, 11.00, 12.81, and 16.06. Thus in five years the increase of this class of criminals has been more than 57 per cent. The commissioners are led to conclude after careful and thorough investigation of the subject that the cause, or more properly causes, of this ill-omened advance are: Want of proper parental control, the lack of proper home training of children due to the culpable neglect of parents, their indifference to parental duties, and the influence of bad homes. To these is added "the importance of children taken from the reformatories, refuges and workhouses of the old world" which the commissioners are forced from the evidence they received to regard as fraught with much danger, and as calculated, unless conducted with the utmost care and prudence, to swell the ranks of the criminal classes in this country.

In view of this alarming increase, and of the manifest inefficiency of present methods to deal with youthful criminals, the commissioners recommend that the law requiring children within certain ages to attend school during a certain specified portion of each year be vigorously enforced; that provision be made to secure the proper education of children employed in factories, workshops and elsewhere; that one or more day industrial schools be established in every city and large town; that provision be made on these schools for the control and instruction during the day of disorderly or neglected children belonging to what is generally described as the "Arab class"; of habitual truants; of those who cannot be controlled by parents or guardians, or who otherwise require special supervision, and of destitute and forsaken children who may not be proper subjects for constant residence in charitable institutions, but require partial assistance in obtaining proper food and clothing; and for carrying on work of a simple kind for the industrial training of these classes. They recommend, moreover, that as little publicity as possible be given to the arrest and trial of youthful offenders that no child under 14 years of age be taken publicly through the streets as a prisoner or be publicly tried for his alleged offence and that in no case should such child be committed to the common gaol either while awaiting trial or after conviction. Instead of confinement within the common prison they would have children accused of crime, if serious, detained in the house of a police officer while awaiting trial, and if convicted either discharged on suspended sentence, which might often be done with advantage especially where the offence is the first and not of a serious nature, or be sent to a reformatory (which should be so arranged as to permit of a proper classification of the prisoners) under an indeterminate sentence, that is, a sentence which enables the offender to earn by industry, diligence and general good conduct, a remission of a portion of the extreme penalty attached to his crime. It is obvious that to carry out these recommendations will involve large additional expense, seeing that the existing provisions are both inadequate and unsuited for that classification of the prisoners which experience has proved to be absolutely essential to secure the best results. This fact is recognized by the commissioners who nevertheless assert that unless the recommendations are carried out the whole reformatory system must prove a failure. And to fail here means peril to the welfare of society.

Canon Farrar on the S. A.

Whether the Salvation Army will live or not as a separate organization, it is impossible to prophesy. We may at least learn something from its sincerities, and we may be certain that if it has done any harm, it will also leave behind it a treasure of valuable experience and a legacy of permanent good. It has been partaker of affliction, and has been tried in the fire. But let the powers of evil, even when they enlist on their side a "soulless clericalism," gnash their teeth and learn their own impotence, when they see that their very opposition is turned into a source of strength to their enemies.

The four simple principles of the Salvation Army, as stated by its founder, are; (1) going to the people with the message of salvation; (2) attracting the people; (3) saving the people; and (4) employing the people, as far as possible, in religious work. No objection against the "Army" is more common on the lips of superfine people than that which complains of the shouting and howling and blaspheming and vulgarism. Well we must make up our minds that the people of our slums will never be won by a rose-pink religionism. The children of the street must worship the Father in street English, which may sometimes be "quite shocking" to the female mind. The overpowering joy which some poor creature shows who has been rescued from the neglect of the respectable, who, shrugging their shoulders, have left him to the tender mercies of the publican, is one of the striking characteristics of these humble converts. I sometimes think of these Salvationists in the words of Robert Browning:

"Well, less is more, Lucrezia. I am judged.
There lives a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brains,
Hearts, or whatever else, than goes to prompt
This low pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world."

Civil Service Examiner—"Give me an illustration of the difference between capital and labor." Applicant—"Sitting with your arms around the shapely waist of a pretty girl is—capital. Married and your wife chasing little flannel shirts up and down the washboard is—labor."

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition.—[The American Analyst. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners; 5 cents.

The theory that a man can feel pain in an amputated limb is still a subject of controversy. A physician who believes it says:—"Many of the nerves that furnish communication between the brain are not injured in their activity by the amputation of their lower portion, and convey sensation as readily as ever. The brain fails to recognize the fact that function of the nerve has changed, and that the part in which it formerly terminated exists no longer. Therefore, when a sensation is felt conveyed by a nerve that in the unmaimed body led to the foot, the feeling is the same as if the foot were still in place. If certain nerves in an amputated leg be touched the feeling is exactly the same as if the foot were touched, and the sensation of pain is felt not where it is applied, but where the mind has been in the habit of receiving communications from the nerve in question."

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THE WINNERS

IN

Ladies' Journal Competition

NO. 27.

CLOSED MARCH 25th, 1891.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes specified. Applications must be made for the prizes in the same handwriting as the answers were orginally sent in. Please note our charges for prizes following the list of winners. The questions were as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found:

1st MONEY, Gen. 17 chapter and 12th verse. 2nd COAT, 2nd Samuel 14th chapter and 7th verse. 3rd WOOD, Gen. 6th chapter and 14th verse.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant, Upright, Rosewood Piano. Mrs. J. L. Lick, Port Huron Mich. Next one Drawing Room Suite upholstered in raw silk beautifully finished in every particular, F. R. Bender, Belleville. Next one Lady's Bicycle, latest improved Machine. Mrs. Jno. Frester, Pt. St. Charles. Next five, each One Lady's Fine Gold Filled Watch Hunting Case, beautifully engraved good movement, full jewelled at $50. 1 Mrs. J. R. Ley, Essex; 2 Mrs. Jas. Dale, Teeterville; 3 Etta Moore, Lindsay; 4 Saml. Brity, Forest; 5 A. B. Lester, Port Hope. Next ten, each a Lady's Companion, beautifully lined in plush containing Bevelled Glass, Fine hair Brush, Comb etc., $3. 1 Mrs. Stephen Nelson, Hopeville; 2 Eliza J. Philips, Ayr; 3 Emma J. Clarke, 92 Strachan Ave. Toronto; 4 E. J. Smillie, Swift Current N. W. T.; 5, Mrs. Jno. H. Longmain, Bridgetown N. S; 6 Norman M. Donald, Pieton N. S; 7 Wm. W. Wilson, Box 674 Stratford; 8 Mrs. Geo. R. Belfry, Little Current Manitoulin Island; 9. Mary E. McMurray, Ancaster; 10 A. F. Beann, Hamilton. Next Five, each a fine China Tea Service. 1 Jose E Pulford, Cottam; 2 Florence Johnston, Cannington; 3 Maggie Stroud, Fenelon Falls; 4 F M Parks, Paris; 5 Julia Parks, Paris. Next fifteen, each a fine Pair of Razor Steel Scissors. Value $2. 1 Miss B Brown, Morriston; 2 Jennie Mathewson, Burlington; 3 Nellie Morris, 105 Market St Hamilton; 4 Mary Patterson, 160 Wellington St Brantford; 5 Saml Leithjohn, 120 Germain St, St Johns N B; 6 Mary Lewis, 121 Ellen St Winnipeg; 7 Mrs Alex Walker, Armstrong; 8 Mrs Henry Mathews, Malaga Gold Mine N S; 9 Mrs Ellen Wilkie, Cape North C B; 10 Susie Todd, Box 138 Collingwood; 11 Mrs Ammerbell, Box 205 Midland; 12 A L Reves, Port Rowan; 13 Lizzie C McIntyre, Balderson; 14 Mrs Stillwell, Greenwood; 15 Mrs James Sykes, 14 August Ave Toronto. Next Five, each a Handsomely Bound in Morocco Cover, Family Bible, Beautifully illustrated, containing the revised Edition, Commentary Dictionary, etc., etc., $15. 1 Clar Edwards, Nelson St Stratford; 2 D F Logan, Brantford; 3 Jennie Logan, Brantford; 4 F Kyle, Brantford; 5 J D Parker, Collingwood. Next Ten, Each a Lady's or Gentleman's Coin Silver Watch, with good movement—a correct timepiece. 1 Mrs McMillson, G T R Brantford; 2 Christina McPherson, Dorset; 3 Mrs John Boyd, Johnson's Landing B C; 4 Mrs Ed Stocks, Waterdown; 5 Bella Lester, Carstorville; 6 Nellie Longley, 108 Queenston St., St Catherines; 7 Mary Davis, King St Kingston; 8 J Davis, Kingston; 9 Arthur Davis, Kingston; 10 Bella Histre, Bainville. Next five, each a beautifully chased full Quadruple Plate, Satin Finish, Waiters or Salvers. 1 Mrs Jane Johnston, 844 James St Woodstock; 2 Mrs Arnies, Brockville; 3 Florence Hamilton, 523 Parliament St Toronto; 4 Will T Conley, Onstice; 5 Simpson Bradley, Hawkstone.

Next Twenty-four, each a very fine Genues Watch. 1 Abbie Smith, Sussex Corners N B; 2 Ada M Smith, Clover Hill N B; 3 Mrs Alex Crawford, Rosseau; 4 Mrs Julius Grenke, Rosseau; 5 Laura Cavalak'y, Nanaimo B C; 6 Mrs S N Holt, Port Rowan; 7 Frances M Turner, Tracadie N B; 8 M Wm Colbourne, West Branch River Philips; 9 J M Dafford, Woodville; 10 D Chase Ancaster; 11 L Vier, Detroit; 12 M C Castor, Port Huron Mich; 13 J D Baker, Hamilton; 14 Laura Baker, Hamilton; 15 Martha Kerr, Hamilton; 16 Mabel Gourley, Burfield; 17 D D Johnston, Peterboro; 18 M Babel, Peterboro; 19 C Verguson, Pt St Charles; 20 M Ferguson, Pt St Charles; 21 Julia Pain, Detroit Mich; 22 M Castor, Brantford; 23 F D Bam, Moncton N B; 24 Sarah Bain, Moncton N B. Next three, Family Sewing Machine. 1, Mrs W B Palmer, Bk of Commerce Woodstock N S; 2, J M Burfield, Moncton N B; 3, B D Davies, Belleville.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Sewing Machines, $2; Silver plated Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 20c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 10c; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00

We have had the above notice standing in JOURNAL for several months, and yet in previous competitions we have had and are having daily no end of trouble to find the names in our lists of winners, who have neglected to comply with these simple requests. Those who do not in future state clearly and distinctly the name of the prize they are applying for, number of it in the competition as well as the number of the competition (given clearly at head of this list,) we will positively not take any notice of their letters. Now no one need be offended as all have fair warning. It is surely only right and proper that each person receiving a prize will at once on its receipt acknowledge it by the very next mail. It will help us and not hurt the prize winner in the least to show the prize to their friends and neighbours and tell us when writing just what they think of the prize they win. All applications for prizes must be received within thirty days after the list has been published.

Defending the Defenceless.

"The air of England," said Lord Mansfield one hundred and nineteen years ago, "has long been too pure for a slave, and every man is free who breathes it. Every man who comes into England is entitled to the protection of English law, whatever oppression he may heretofore have suffered, or whatever may be the color of his skin."

These words were uttered in the case of a negro slave who had been brought to London from Virginia, whose master was about to send him to the island of Jamaica, there to be offered for sale in the slave market. While the vessel which was to take him away lay in the Thames, a writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out in behalf of the negro and the case was heard before the great Chief Justice of England, who ordered the prisoner to be discharged from custody. Lord Mansfield's opinion, from which we have quoted two sentences, ranks among the most celebrated decisions in jurisprudence.

After the lapse of more than a century, and now that slavery is no longer tolerated by law in any colony of England or in any part of the American Union, it seems strange that any question relating to the right to

HOLD MEN IN BONDAGE

should come before an English court: and yet only a fortnight ago the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in London was called upon to appoint a guardian for two African children on the ground that they were about to be taken back to South Africa, where they would be held in a form of servitude which was practically slavery.

A short time since there was a show in Regent street, London, known as the Stanley and African Exhibition. At this show two little boys were exhibited, named Gootoo and Inyokwana, who were described as natives of Umzila's country, which lies to the north of the Transvaal and east of Matebeleland. The parents of these children had been killed in some tribal disturbances, and the boys came into the possession of a white trader. This trader found his way, ill and wounded, to the home of a Mrs. Thorburn, the wife of an Englishman who settled in Swaziland some years ago. Mrs. Thorburn cared for the sick man until his recovery, and in gratitude for her kindness he made a present of the little African boys to her. She brought them to England as servants, and sent them to the exhibition where they attracted a good deal of attention, and became a subject of interest to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. The Secretary of this association became apprehensive that the lads if taken back to Africa would

VIRTUALLY BECOME SLAVES

there, and so he applied last autumn to Baron Pollock, one of the Judges of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice, for a writ of *habeas corpus* to inquire into the legality of Mrs. Thorburn's custody over the children. At the hearing which then took place, the learned Judge expressed the opinion that there was no evidence at all that the lads would be treated otherwise than as domestic servants upon their return to Swaziland with Mrs. Thorburn, and nothing to show that any condition of slavery existed there. The writ, therefore, was dismissed.

This result did not please the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and that association upon the 8th instant applied to Mr. Justice Sterling, in the Chancery Division, for the appointment of a guardian for Gootoo and Inyokwana. In behalf of the society, evidence was given tending to show that the tribal laws in Swaziland have not been affected by the abolition of slavery by the British Parliament, "and that in Swaziland a mild form of slavery, serfdom, or vassalage is practised which depends very much upon the temperament of the owner." The testimony on the part of Mrs. Thorburn, however, indicated that neither salvery nor anything like it prevailed in Swaziland, but that the boys under the laws of that dependency were the wards of Mrs. Thorburn, and would be at liberty to

GO WHERE THEY PLEASED

upon attaining their majority. No question was made as to the kindness of Mrs. Thorburn toward the children, and her counsel insisted that if the court were to take these boys at the instance of such a society out of the custody of people who had taken good care of them, "it might find itself called upon to appoint guardians for thousands of children who were in the same position at the instance of any busybody who chose to interfere."

The learned Judge, however, decided that a guardian for the little Africans ought to be appointed, and he directed a reference to take testimony as to who was the most fit and proper person to be guardian. He expressed his agreement with the opinion of Baron Pollock that there had been no ill treatment of the boys by Mrs. Thorburn; but the advantage of appointing a guardian would be that there would then be some one under the jurisdiction of the court responsible for the welfare of the children, who could be held accountable in case the boys should be practically enslaved upon their return to Swaziland. From the tenor of his remarks it did not seem improbable that Mrs. Thorburn herself might be chosen as the guardian: but if so, it would be with such restrictions as to render her amenable to the process of the court, and to removal and punishment in case she should ill treat the boys, even in South Africa.

It would be difficulty to find a more striking instance than this case affords of the world-wide variety of rights and interests which come before the courts of Great Britain for adjudication.

A Prairie Grave.

A Dakota farm.

A heaving emerald sea that merges, at its edge, into a blue ocean of sky. A range of low hills fringes the plain at the northwest and at no other point of the compass is there an object to relieve the eye.

A traveler sees the same dreary stretch of grass through which he has passed for miles; he feels the same hot wind upon his tired cheek; he hears the wild geese cry shrilly overhead and the ducks splash in the wild rice of some marsh or slough—everything is a repetition of sights and sounds that have made themselves distasteful by familiarity. Monotony and Solitude are the twin deities that reign supreme.

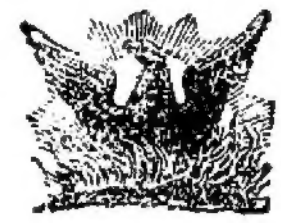
The central object of a scene like this—an object that broke upon my eyes after a long day's journey and filled me with a sudden solemn awe—was a grave, a prairie grave. A rude fence was built around it and some wild roses broke into blossom and peeped from the rank grass that covered the mound. There was no headboard—no word had been left to identify the dead—the dead that now lay in a solitary waste where the silence was so terrible as almost to speak of itself—the dead that had once been the living and had moved in spheres of life.

Perhaps the dweller of that lonely tomb was a man who had loved and been loved. Death had parted him from his idol and now, when his loyal heart was low, he had been interred in an insolated wild where never a loved one could bend over his mound and drop the mourner's tear. Perhaps some one was grieving, in an eastern home, for one who had left it, never to return. Perhaps fair faces were aging while fond hearts hoped against hope that a lover, a son or a brother would return. And this forsaken grave, if they could but see it and know its occupant, would tell them all!

I shuddered and turned away.

But then, I mused in after thought, what cares the dead how he his wasting bones? And those he leaves—may they not hope and hope and only awake to the truth when they meet the lost one face to face in "that country from whose bourne no traveller returns?"

A human heart is nothing, if not hopeful, and what can be more satisfying and sweet than a divine fulfillment of hopes we cherish here?



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CULTIVATING CONTENTMENT.

Much of the happiness of life is lost by sacrificing the substance to the shadow, the real to the seeming.

We all desire to have the best the world can give, but we differ very much in our idea of what the best is. Too often our standard is set by our neighbors, not by ourselves, and we wear ourselves out in trying to live up to it. People of limited means aspire to many luxuries nowadays, that never entered into the imagination of their fathers as being possible for them to attain to.

There are many families in exactly the position in which the old prophet prayed to be—having "neither poverty nor riches." There is enough to live on in comfort if the income is spent for comfort and not for show. This is a matter peculiarly within the province of mothers, and particularly of young mothers. It is the wife, as general rule, who regulates the expenditure of the household and the manner of living. If she is satisfied, her husband is apt to acquiesce. There is a certain amount of money to be spent, and she must decide what she will get with it.

It will buy all the necessaries of life and many of its comforts, including ease of mind; or, it may be used to purchase expensive luxuries, whose possession will give the family a certain standing in the eyes of its neighbors, and with them the discomfort of doing without things that would lighten the daily toil and make work easier. With a moderate income she cannot have both without encountering the fret and worry that come from living beyond one's means.

If a mother can teach her children that it is what a man is, and not what he has, that entitles him to respect, and helps them to live up to the noble ideal that she sets before them, she has done them a service that will benefit them all their lives. We are expressly told that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment"; and yet how many of us act as if what we ate and what we wore were the all-important points; and the inner life, that these things are meant to nourish and minister to, was of no importance whatever.

We do not seem to realize that display is vulgar—in the real meaning of that much-abused word. To have everything in perfect keeping is a much surer evidence of refined taste than to have handsome garments for great occasions, and shabby ones for everyday wear, and the same discrepancy in the various details of our daily lives.

Dress is the great touchstone with us all, and specially with women to whom it is—and rightly so—a matter of extreme interest. We like to be becomingly and well dressed, and a few—a very few—know how to combine economy and elegance. For the others, who have not this gift, it only remains for us to cultivate simplicity. It is hard not to buy pretty things for children, they look so sweet in them. The young mother may console herself by thinking that expensive materials are, as a rule, unsuitable for children. Skill and velvet and plush are out of place on a child. They should wear nothing that does not suggest freshness and daintiness. A hat overloaded with feathers is as absurd on a childish head as a baby waits would be on a dowager.

Children who are brought up in a refined home where there is no attempt to make things seem other than they are; where it is frankly admitted that there are some things their parents would like which they cannot have because they cannot afford them, but which they can cheerfully do without because they have so many other blessings. Children who early learn to be pleased with simple pleasures; who are taught that their claim to the respect of others must rest on their own merits and not on any accidental surroundings, have learned the lesson of contentment that will make their lives better and happier than any fortune could without it. The high sense of honor that scorns a mean act, the steadfast adherence to duty that would rather suffer wrong than do wrong, the truthfulness that spurns deceit, the tenderness and forbearance and courtesy that strength should show to weakness—if a mother can give these to her girls and boys she need not regret that she had not been able to give them all the luxuries she craved for them.—Ladies Home Journal.

Mr. Asker—"They tell me that the bookkeeper of your firm is behind in his accounts; is that so?" Mr. Tasker—"Far from it; he came out ahead. It's the company that's behind."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion, and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners.

In order to do away with the enormous pressure of the water against the front of ocean steamships an English inventor has introduced a novel device which he claims will enable faster time to be made by vessels, in addition to facilitating the maneuvering of ships and tending to avoid collisions. The invention consists of one or more screws on each side of the bow, each forty-five degrees with the bow, and ninety degrees from each other. Experiments made with these screws show that the water is thrown from each side of the bow, forming a deep well in front of the vessel and allowing the stern screws to effect their full power in propulsion.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES,

No two watches are alike, and an odd one seen had a chocolate-colored dial, with the hands and numerals in blue.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS WINSLOW SOOTHING SYRUP should *always* be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

The proof of the pudding is the eating of it. Try Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum for weak digestion and be convinced of its great virtue Sold everywhere 5 cents.

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible & instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

Visitor (in dime museum, 1895)—"I see nothing freaklike about you." Freak—"I'm the only man who did not go crazy about souvenir spoons."

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

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should examine our stock or consult our Catalogue and see the special value we have in neat little

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of English production and made to afford comfort and security to the wearer

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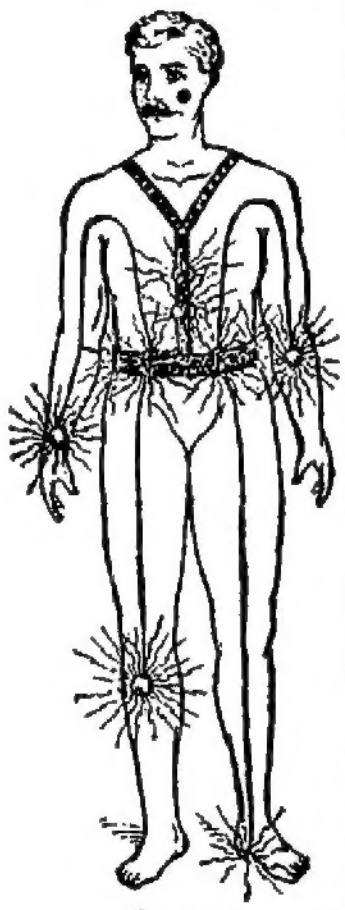
(Head Office, Chicago, Ill.)

Incorporated June 17, 1887, with Cash Capital of $50,000.

(Patented in Canada, December, 1877.)

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

C. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Can.



Electricity as Applied by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It has, does and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. Rheumatism cannot exist where it is properly applied. By its steady, soothing current, that is easily felt it will cure.

Rheumatism	Liver Complaint
Sciatica	Female Complaints
Spinal Diseases	Impotency
General Debility	Constipation
Neuralgia	Kidney Disease
Lumbago	Varicocele
Nervous Complaints	Sexual Complaints
Spermatorrhœa	Epilepsy or Fits
Dyspepsia	Lame Back.

RHEUMATISM

It is not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, **it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.** Some of our leading physicians recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of Nature's forces.

TO RESTORE MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that every one has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Body Battery. Rest assured, any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is practising a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

We Challenge The World

to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than any other makers combined.

ELECTRIC INSOLES. Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chilblains and Cramps in the feet and legs. **PRICE, $1.00 SENT BY MAIL.**

EXTRACTS FROM CANADIAN TESTIMONIALS.

"For eight years I have suffered with rheumatism, and am now out of pain and growing better daily and in my 75th year. Can confidently recommend the Owen Belt when every thing else fails." A Menzies, Niagara Falls.

"Having some knowledge of electricity and its power, and having used other belts prior to my use of yours, I can say that it is the best I have ever worn." Jas. Blair, Port Dalhousie.

"Am much pleased with belt; it has done me a great deal of good already." J. Sergerim, Galt, Ont.

"Saved my life when I had muscular rheumatism." Mrs. Caroll, West Market St.

"Your Electric Belt cured a violent attacked sciatic rheumatism of several months' standing, in eight days." Jas. Dixon, sen., Grand Valley, Ont.

"Have been a sufferer for years from nervous headaches and neuralgia. After trying one of your belts am more than satisfied with it. Can knock out a headache now in fifteen minutes that used to keep me in bed for days." Thomas Gales, Crawford Street, Toronto.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND CHEAP BELTS.

Our attention having been attracted to the many base imitations of "The Owen Electric Belt," we desire to warn the public not to be deceived by the false statements of men calling themselves electricians, who lacking brains sufficient to produce an Electric Belt of their own creation, have copied as near as they dare in appearance, but only in appearance, the "Genuine Owen Electric Belt" that has stood the test of years and with more than a continental reputation.

In justice to ourselves and generous public we are determined to expose such unprincipled trickery, and prevent, if possible, the unsuspecting from being gulled by such men and means.

The Owen Electric Belt Co. is not afraid of fair and open competition, as their goods have no equal in this or any other country, and will bear inspection by those competent to judge—and so great are they in demand that there are more of them made and in use than all other makes combined—their Chicago factory alone being the largest of its kind in the world.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. None genuine without it.

The cheap so-called Electric Belts advertised by some concerns are perfectly worthless as a curative power and dear at any price. A genuine Electric Belt cannot be manufactured and sold at cheap prices. Send six cents for illustrated catalogue of information, testimonials, &c.

The Owen Electric Belt Co., 71 King St. West

(Mention this paper.) **Toronto.**

[illegible] Made Plain.

[illegible] a wide [illegible] in [illegible] Christians [illegible] Men and women do [illegible] with [illegible] to [illegible] general [illegible] language. [illegible] courage, they do not [illegible] but of Nelson [illegible] of patriotism [illegible] Washington and Lincoln; [illegible] self-sacrifice and moral [illegible] Paul and Luther. One of [illegible] service which noble men and [illegible] kind is this constant [illegible] of the highest and noblest quali[illegible] speech, the constant [illegible] realities. At heart all men and women who are not corrupt, and [illegible] corrupt, yearn after these [illegible] and believe in them, but are [illegible] by the belief that these things are [illegible]. Noble ideals and pur[illegible] over most lives like [illegible], and are as inaccessible to the thought of those that look at them. Now the way to make men believe in the possibility of realizing these high things for themselves is to translate these qualities and achievements by our own lives into the plainest and most familiar speech. The woman in the household whose sacrifice and service are continuous, sooner or later comes to stand, in the minds of all who know her, for these qualities; unconsciously she is forever teaching and making real great human possibilities. The man of the community whose action is always characterised by honesty and truth is at last identified with integrity, and is, to the whole community, a plain translation, in common speech, of one of the fundamental virtues of humanity. It was said of one of the greatest English lawyers and judges that he had so impressed the minds of his countrymen that they had come to identify him with the very figure of Justice itself. This kind of identification with some great and noble quality, with some rare and precious achievement, is far more common than we sometimes think; it is one of the services which we can all render to our fellows. The early scholars who translated the old Greek classics into the speech of modern Europe gave modern peoples a new resource, enlarged their ideas, and added immensely to the scope and attractiveness of their lives. There is nothing to be more coveted than this ability to push back the horizons and to deepen the interest of some human life, and this is possible to all of us by the illustration of some great virtue or quality in ourselves. She who makes sacrifice real by illustrating it; he who comes to stand in the eyes of all men for integrity—these are they who turn many to righteousness, and whose names shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Behring Sea.

In his letter to Lord Salisbury, which was published last week, Mr. Blaine finds a new ground upon which to rest his claim that the United States has the right to prohibit seal-fishing in the Behring Sea beyond the three-mile limit. It is found in an Act of Parliament passed last year prohibiting certain methods of fishing in a bay 2,700 square miles in area on the northeast coast of Scotland. Though it is probable that none but Scotch fishermen ever fish in this bay (which is about the size of the Chesapeake), Mr. Blaine contends that by the wording of this Great Britain assumes control over the fishing operations conducted by the subjects of other nations as well as those of Great Britain. It is hardly likely that Lord Salisbury will admit this. The difference between the case of the Scotch bay and that of the Behring Sea is that in the former none but British subjects are affected by the legislation, so that national law suffices; while in the latter the subjects of both the United States and Great Britain are affected, and therefore international law alone can suffice. We fear that Mr. Blaine in shifting the ground upon which he stands has only shown that he stands upon shifting grounds.

We are glad to see, however, that he readily accepts Lord Salisbury's demand that the question what damages are due to [illegible] shall be added to those which [illegible] before the Arbitration Commission [illegible] [illegible] the question [illegible] the United States [illegible] [illegible] He concludes his letter with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which are bred on American territory. To what extent [illegible] the right of [illegible] matter of doubt [illegible] years of this century [illegible] never came up for international [illegible]. Whether any nation can possess a property right in wild animals which have passed beyond its territories is too large a question to take up here, but it is certainly contrary to precedent, if not to reason. The claim that a seal born on American territory remains American property, no matter where it migrates, bears a somewhat striking resemblance to the old English claim that a seaman born on English territory remains always a British subject no matter where he emigrates. When Great Britain attempted to enforce the latter claim by the seizure and search of American vessels, war was the result.

No man knows how desperate a woman can look until he has seen her undertake to ride a bycicle.

The heart's youth does not pass, as long as its purity and innocence remain. We sear our own hearts by the cherishing of sentiments we are directed to expel; we become discontented and call our discontent knowledge; we forget that all knowledge, which does not increase our happiness, is spurious, and not to be trusted. How strong are the heart's first struggles under sorrow; how it battles with distress and wars against despair and disappointment; how vigorous its efforts to combat and overcome; but sorrow is the stronger—ay, sorrow is the stronger—it is drawn into the heart by the first breath that we inhale of this world's air—a small seed, but still it grows and grows, and twists and twists, until it crushes the poor heart; and then, then we die!

IF You [illegible]

CARDS FREE [illegible]

PHOTO [illegible] FREE! [illegible]

999 SONGS [illegible] FREE! [illegible]

[illegible]

Lessons in Phrenology Examinations, Oral or Written. Mrs. Mendon, 237 McCaul Street.

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Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing, by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Germore, No. 308 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR LADIES ONLY—Dr. Henson's wonderful specific, OAK BALM will positively cure all female weakness and irregularities. Samples and full particulars free to any lady who wishes to try it. Address— J. TROTTER, 33 Howard Street, Toronto, On

TANSY PILLS! [illegible] "WOMAN'S SAFEGUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, [illegible] St. Catharine street, Montreal. **50c. Per Box.**

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The Tailor system of cutting improved and simplified. complete in One Piece. Taught by Miss Chubb, General Agent for Ontario. Perfect fitting SLEEVE a specialty. Waist Linings and Paper Patterns cut for 25c. with Sleeve included. Directions for measurement supplied by mail.
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Drafts direct on material. Perfection in form and fit. Covers the entire range of work, easy to learn, can be taught thoroughly by mail. Satisfaction assured. Large inducements to agents. Send for illustrated circular.
J. & A. CARTER. PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS, ETC. 372 Yonge Street, Toronto. Beware of models and machines.

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DR. HEWSON'S OAK BALM An easy method that will appeal to every woman for the preservation of health, and the cure of nearly all forms of diseases common to women. Used by a prominent specialist for years with unfailing success. Sample and Particulars Free. Address with stamp, MR. J. TROTTER, 33 Howard St., Toronto, Ont.

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All who have received the **Microcosm Extra** should order and receive the **Health Pamphlet** from **Toronto**.

Local agents supplied from Toronto as required at New York rates. Save trouble with customs and avoid delay. Orders being filled the day they are received.

Do not send your orders to New York when you can be supplied from Toronto more speedily.

Correspondence invited. Further particulars sent on application.

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Did you ever hear of a woman who had not made up her mind in some way?

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If you find that you don't, after wearing for two or three weeks, you have only to return it to us and get your money back.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL
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Which are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing any impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

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By the soothing current that easily is felt. Our appliances will cure

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They will Burn the Skin.

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